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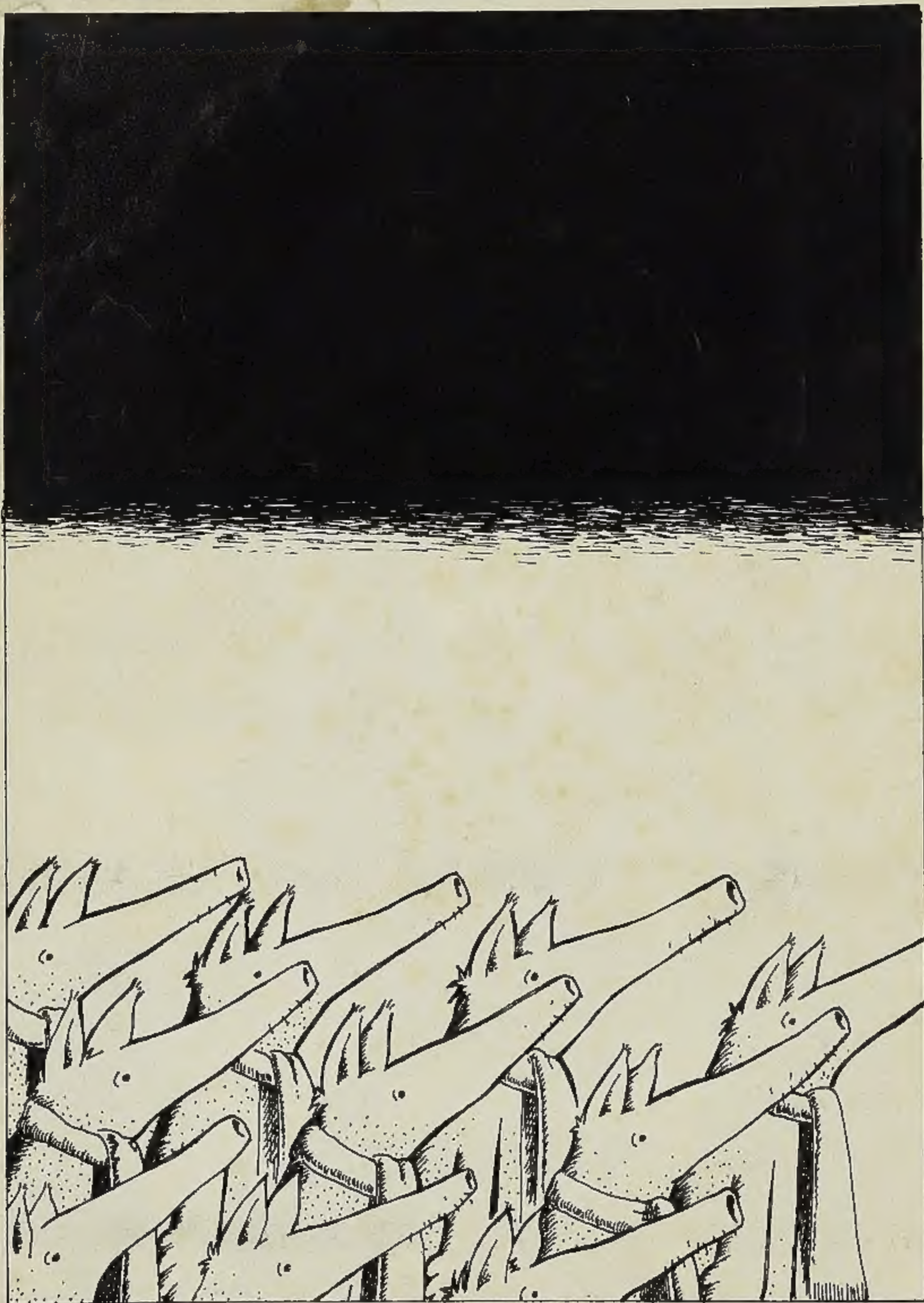
THE GRATEFUL DEAD

WOMENS LIB

THE GOD ON THE TREE

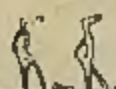
GEORGE SNOWS IRLAND PICS





Aadvarks wondering if it will rain.

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LETTERS

Dear IT

I felt so sad when I read Marietta's letter in your last issue. Why must she scream so loudly about the women that scream about men? Some women have been used and abused by men more than others and so tend to be more bitter; but the majority of "man-haters" are those women who love their sisters so much that when they see men exploiting women (and you don't have to look very far!) they become rather angry and want to do something about it. Most of the time, this is frustratingly difficult, especially when you are tackling the male bosses, and male authorities who are so well protected in this male dominated society.

In your individual personal situations realising your oppression and standing up to it instead of yielding in the soft submissive 'feminine' way they have tried to teach us, is relatively easy, especially if you have the support of a Women's Liberation Group.

Surely if Marietta had lingered a little longer in her WL group she

would have realised that we have a lot of compassion for men, we're aware that most of them are as unhappy in their forced conditioning as we were in ours—and I feel a very great need for Men's Liberation groups to help them break down this conditioning.

Women's Lib (and Gay Lib) are fighting to break down these male/female role games which are so inhibiting to any person's development of their human potential. There are special groups writing children's books, talking to schools and trainee teachers, trying to break down the sex role definitions being taught in schools now. We want the freedom to choose. And we want to feel free to be the way we are, and not have to hide it because girls can't be too smart or too capable or too fat or too thin because you'll frighten the boys away and you'll never get a nice man to look after you—materially (while you supply the emotional support and do all the shit work around the house).

Women's Lib is not coffee evenings

with bourgeois pseuds (the honesty in a consciousness raising group is often difficult to confront)—it's women coming together to help one another in discussion and in practical actions. Of course there's a lot of room for a lot more actions...but they're coming!

Love, Suzette
Shepherds Bush WL Group
39 Balderton Flats
Brownhart Gardens, W 1

Comrade, bluer chairde,

We, the Martin O'Leary Republican Club, Cage 3, Long Kesh Concentration Camp, wish to appeal to our fellow Socialists, through the columns of your paper.

Our appeal is for any books, pamphlets, or periodicals to do with Socialism, or even records of working class songs and music.

We are determined to educate ourselves in Socialism, despite the open animosity of the Camp-apparat.

Possibly the attitude of the apparat to education would interest you. We

have of course been promised a study but since we arrived here it hasn't as yet materialized.

The suggestion that one of the Cages be used as a study-centre for those who wished to study for outside exams, was quashed. So was the idea that 100 teacher-volunteers could come into the camp to help us in our studies.

A fortnight ago, the Deputy-Governor (one of three) told the Chairman of the camp committee that those men who were to do University courses would move to Cage 2 by 6.00 p.m. that night. If they did not, the B.A. would be used, to move these men by force.

With that food for thought, I'll sign off, asking your readers to send anything that they can spare to us through:

C.C.D.C.
39 Falls Road
Belfast 12.

Aontuighthe
Sean Mag Shamtain L.K. 250
Hut 22, Cage 3

Dear IT

A word of advice to your readers.

If you should have the bad luck to get busted sometime, don't get a solicitor. All it does is keep him in money and you tidy and silent in the dock. If you must, don't take H— & Co, which Release are fond of putting up to defend people who don't know any better. To be kind, perhaps they don't know any better.

But why should you learn better the same way I did, in jail. Remember any solicitor you get is probably only half the liar you are.

Yours for a pound
The Reality Kid

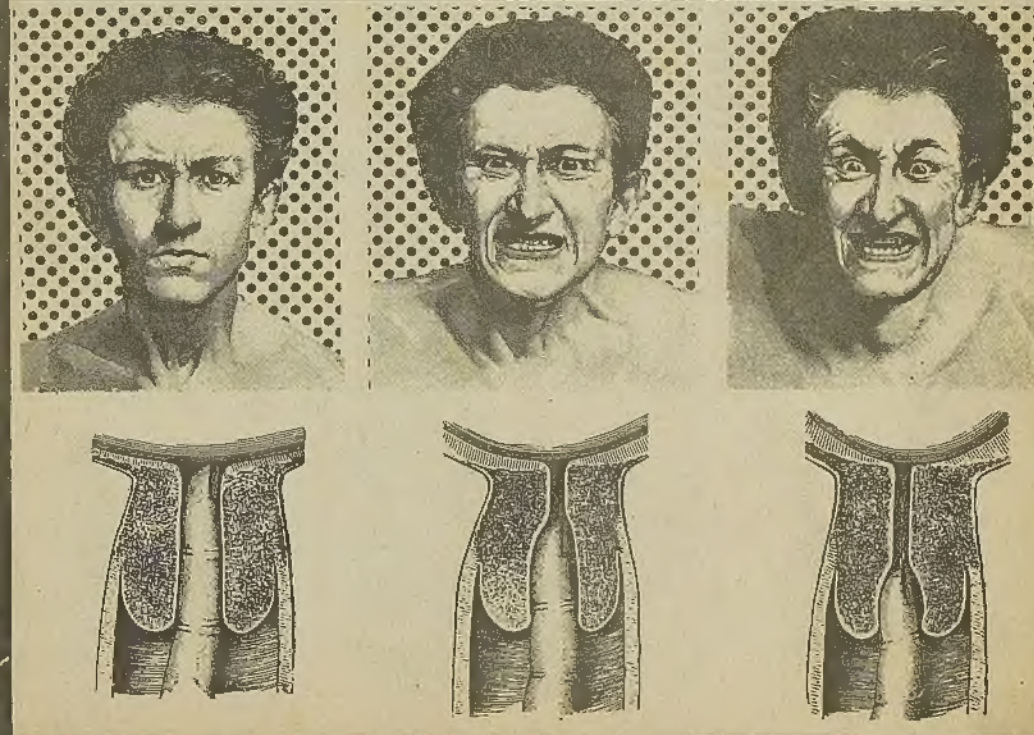
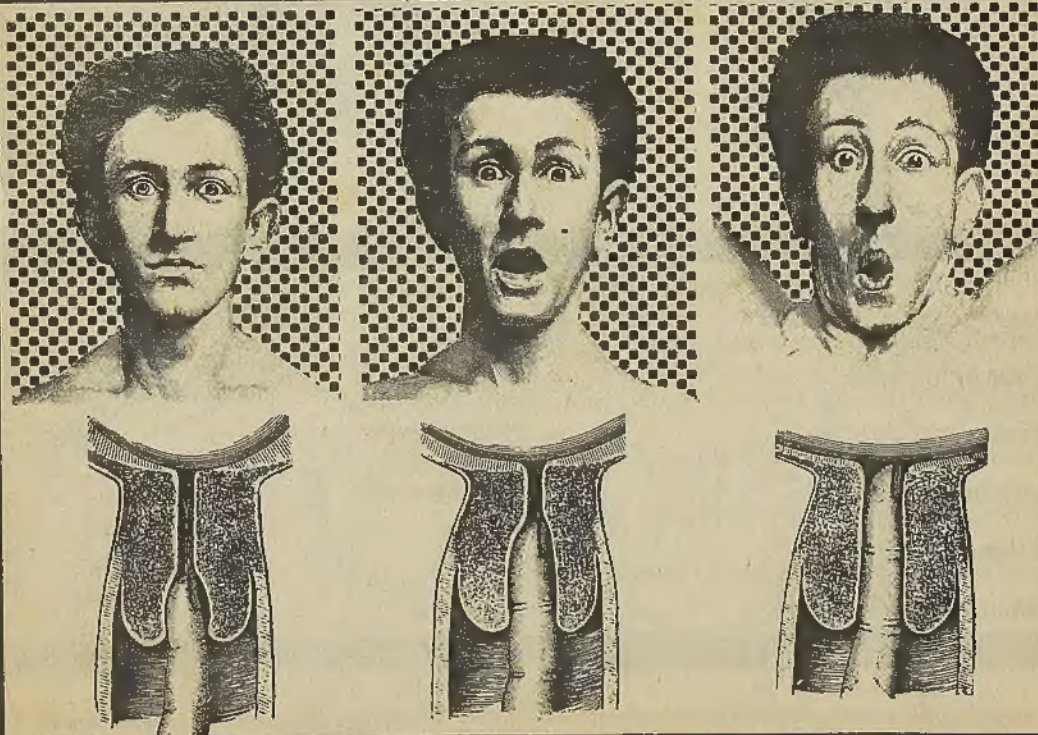
Dear IT

I do not usually waste time replying to small-minded individuals like Alan Curtis, but he really is rather pathetic. In his letter to IT/126 he spares us some of his valuable time, and proceeds to swear his way through a non-sensical and prejudiced paragraph of criticism.

Not that criticism is a bad thing but when his only complaint is that the "beautifully stoned chick" has disappeared from the cover (nice to see her back again), it can only be taken that the poor boy has a well-developed case of picture wankingitis.

What really annoyed me was his reference to "middle-class pseudo freaks." This implies that us middle-class (and proud of it!), concert-going, casually dressed, studious and peaceable people are attempting to copy the "freak" image. Can't this cretin get it through to his tiny mind that the word "freak" has no real meaning and that the only criteria that he can base his choice of word on is appearance! Stop trying to be a "freak" and be one because you are what you are.

Peace,
Pete Harris
Middle Class "Pseudo-Freak"
Liberation Front (MCPFLF?)
4 Norwith Road
Bessacan, Doncaster, Yorks



NEWS

LAOBROKE GROVE: METRO CLOSES, TRIAL OPENS

The Metro, the Notting Hill club for mainly black kids, has been closed down by the Council because the Metro collective who built the club up refuse to accept council control.

On May 8th at the Old Bailey, Frank Sweeney, Howard Haughton, Christopher Aitcheson and Ronny Dufael, all members of the club, face 21 charges including affray, resulting out of an incident there almost a year gone now.

BOB DAVIS COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Bob Davis, of Atlantis News Agency, has been committed to the Old Bailey on four charges. He is charged with posting a .22 bullet to Edward Heath and three other offences relating to his alleged connection with two letters threatening a police station and for allegedly possessing an "explosive substance."

GLASGOW: "TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE"

The landlord of Glasgow White Panther's favourite pub, the State Bar, in Holland Street, has had his application to renew his licence refused.

The police objected to the renewal because 12 people had been arrested after a raid in January, accused of under-age drinking.

Landlord John Grant feels the political views of his clientele (mainly young) may have had more than a little to do with the decision.

BUGGERY IN RAIL TALKS

All eight executive members of the Associated Society of Loco Engineers and Firemen have had their telephones tapped throughout the current wage negotiations with British Rail, according to the Socialist Worker.

The bugging was done by the Special Branch with the express intention of obtaining advance information on secret union decisions and the standpoint of individual members on the wage claim.

Commenting on the SW report, ASLEF general secretary Ray

Buckton stated: "I have attended several meetings over the years where it was quite clear to me the employers knew what I was going to say before I said it."

"It is of course nearly impossible to prove such a thing, but I have always been suspicious and acted accordingly. It does make you wonder what sort of society we're really living in."

The Chairman of the Young Liberals, Peter Hain, has also complained recently that phones of leading YLs are being tapped and mail tampered with, either by "the South African security police, or by their British counterparts, or by some collaboration between the two."

DOUBLE X

Raid Cymru, the Welsh Nationalist Party, are claiming the Merthyr Tydfil electoral register is in total chaos. They say some people have got three votes, a dead man and a two-year-old child have votes—in fact they reckon 40 people in one area alone have over 100 votes between them.

POST OFFICE TOWERS

The Post Office has presented more than 40 bravery awards to postmen in Northern Ireland.

FREE GOODS

Two "special offers" have recently gone wrong. Quakers Oats have a backlog of orders for a stainless steel salt and pepper set in exchange for tokens.

Johnson's Polish are in an even worse state. The firm that handled their offer of a refrigerator jug in return for a top from Pledge polish and 13p made a mess of it.

Both the companies have mislaid orders, so if you want your special offers write to them. The address for the jug is: Mr Hoyd, S C Johnson & Son Ltd, Frimley Gardens, Camberley, Surrey.

Marty Feldman says he was kicked out of an hotel while staying in India for having bare feet. "Imagine that happening in a country where half the population haven't got shoes," he quips.

GLASGOW: RIP-OFF

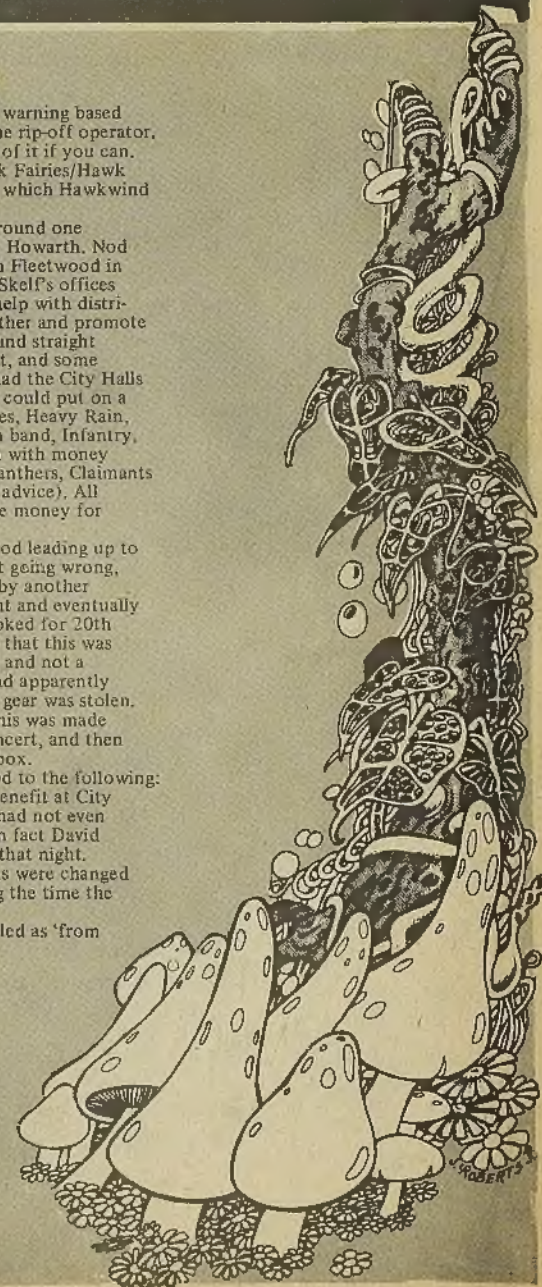
"Dear friends: This is a warning based on our experience of one rip-off operator. Please reprint it or part of it if you can. It's an account of a Pink Fairies/Hawkwind gig in Glasgow, at which Hawkwind did not appear."

The story revolves around one person, Norman "Nod" Howarth. Nod arrived in Glasgow from Fleetwood in December, came up to Skelf's offices and said he wanted to help with distribution, get a band together and promote concerts (both benefit and straight concerts). We said Great, and some weeks later he said he had the City Halls for 28th February, and could put on a concert with Pink Fairies, Heavy Rain, Warm Dust and his own band, Infantry. This would be a benefit with money going to Skelf, White Panthers, Claimants Union and ONE (drugs advice). All that was needed was the money for the hall.

Throughout the period leading up to the concert, things kept going wrong, the Halls were booked by another group for the same night and eventually the Kelvin Hall was booked for 20th February, but Nod said that this was to be a straight concert and not a benefit. Then Hawkwind apparently cancelled because their gear was stolen. No announcement of this was made until the end of the concert, and then only from the control box.

Our investigations led to the following:

1. At the time of the benefit at City Halls coming off, Nod had not even seen the manager and in fact David Bowie was booked for that night.
2. Seating arrangements were changed and prices raised during the time the tickets were on sale.
3. Heavy Rain were billed as 'from



USA' as Nod said that two of the 3 group members were from America. In fact they are all from Blackpool. 4. The Fairies arrived and played, thinking the concert was a benefit. 5. HAWKWIND WERE NEVER BOOKED. The band first heard about the gig on the Friday night in Edinburgh; their agency, on the Monday after the concert. Their gig at Redcar had been booked five weeks before for £200. They had replacement gear. They are at present trying to take legal action, "because we're too far away to take physical action," but as the Fairies were named on the contract with Kelvin Hall and billed as top group, this is probably impossible (this also applies to people trying to get their money back). Hawkwind hope to arrange a concert in Glasgow as soon as possible to make up to those who came to see them.

EAT LEADEN DEATH

Spanish mixed herbs imported by Noel and Sons Ltd have an excess of lead in them, according to Poole Council.

Lead contamination of British pasture land, likely to be hazardous to grazing animals, has been found in an area surrounding an anti-knock lead compound factory near Northwich, Cheshire.

Close to the factory the lead content—2000 parts per million—is among the highest ever recorded, and even half a mile away they're two or three times those normal for rural areas.

Britain is a major exporter of anti-knock agents for petrol and houses several potentially important centres of contamination.

BEDFORD: MAG BANNED

Tony Quinn of "Further Adventures" tells us the Mander College students mag US has refused duplicating facilities and one of its editors expelled.

The paper was to have contained an article criticising the administration and extracts from "Little Red Schoolbook" which Vice-Principal Frank Fidgeon considered "obscene." Even if it is printed elsewhere, selling of it on the campus has been prohibited.

One of its editors, Nick Fergusons, has since been expelled from college by a secret decision of the Board of Governors on grounds of "lack of attendance."

AMSTERDAM:

Part of the fun and games in Amsterdam this summer is going to be a 'Magic Bus' guided tour around the city for newly arrived freaks. With experienced 'hippy' guides giving information of a more relevant nature than the usual museums and 'places of interest' bullshit. The bus, a garishly painted luxury touring coach leaves from Damm Square at 10 am and 2 pm and due to a loophole in Dutch law serves dope tea at the beginning of the journey then takes a winding route through the city pointing out cheap places to eat, stay, cool smoking areas, cop stations etc. giving info on basic Dutch law and general survival tips. All this including the 'tea' for 7.50 guilders (about 80p).

The tours start on the 18th of April and hopefully last all through the summer months.

For more info when in Amsterdam ring 242605.

LEGALIZE DOPE ON ISLE OF MAN !!

A special advisor to President Nixon told an international drug conference that the United States might be willing to finance a legalization of marijuana experiment in a small country.

Dr. Roger O. Egeberg told a European council on drugs in Strasbourg, France, that he would personally urge this policy when he returns to the United States this week. Dr. Egeberg said that much of value to the United States could be learned by legalizing marijuana in a small country. He added

that legalizing grass in a small country would be practical since "it could be reversed" if the experiment failed.

Dr. Egeberg said that legalizing grass in the United States would not work because America is too large, and that changing back to illegal marijuana would be impossible.

CHICAGO COPS STAND TRIAL

A judge ruled that State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, 12 police, and one of his assistance stand trial on charges of "conspiracy to obstruct justice" in the Chicago Black Panther case.

The ruling ended months of manoeuvres by Hanrahan to avoid a trial. They are charged with trying to cover up the facts after a Dec. 4, 1969 police raid in a search for weapons.

Black Panther leaders Mark Clark and Fred Hampton were murdered in their beds during the raid. A grand jury found that police fired 100 shots and the Panthers only 1.

DEAD BALL

Cairo—A soccer player died reportedly as the result of scoring the winning

goal for his team.

One report said Aly Mahmoud Elefesh, 21, right-winger for Elmasanea, died from nervous shock that resulted from over-joy and excitement. The report said he kept on shouting "Goal goal" until he fell unconscious.

He was transferred to a nearby hospital but died a few minutes later. (Associated Press).

DEATH CULTURE

Six "drug pedlars" were executed by the Iran authorities on April 8. A total of 139 people have now been executed for drug offences in two years.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN

The American publishers, Freeman, are now marketing a board game called 'Extinction'. Players take the roles of species competing for survival on the imaginary island of Darwinia; mankind enters the game, not as a player, but as "an outside, unpredictable force whose environmental actions can upset the competitive ecological balance between the species in the game."

WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THIS MAN?

Leading Democratic contender for the Presidency, George McGovern, admitted in a recent Playboy interview that his only daughter had smoked dope to the extent that "it really had a disruptive impact on her life."

DANCING ILLEGAL

The Ghana News Agency has reported that the Commissioner for Ashanti has warned that 'youths found dancing in the afternoons may be sent to work on the farms.' The agency explains that afternoon 'jump dances' were a popular weekend feature among Ghanaian young people and were mostly patronised by secondary school students. The agency also reported that workers caught sleeping and idling in their offices in the Ministry of Trade and Industries on 10 March had been drilled for a few minutes by Army personnel, being made to run carrying stones.



OK! OK! Your lousy morale has made the general cry and I hope you're proud of yourselves."



COMMUNITY

EVERYWHERE

The 1972 Annual Report from the National Council for Civil Liberties is out now price 20p, available from NCCL, 152 Camden High Street, London NW1. A useful reminder of what was lost.

If you're producing a magazine, you need Apis Newsheet. Number 1 is out now, available from Apis Press Info.Service, 187 Purves Road, London NW10 (send SAE). It's got lists of printers, distributors and shops with articles about printing and distribution and help in distributing your mag.

Drugs and Society is an informative, well researched, sympathetic magazine published by the Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence and Macmillan Journals Ltd, 4 Little Essex Street, London WC2. Annual subscription (12 issues) is £4.

CAMBRIDGE

Cokayne is a new bookshop open 12-4 pm Mon-Sat (except Wed) at 1 Jesus Terrace, new Square, (tel 671119)

PARIS

Contact-information bookshop, Shakespeare & Co, 37 rue de la Bucherie, Paris 5 (tel 033 3262)

B.I.V.E.S. (Bureau d'Information de Voyages et d'Echanges Sociaux), 98 rue Rambuteau, Paris 1 (tel: 236 5382 afts.) free info on jobs, crashpads, etc. Contact Jean-Paul Orpy. Open 10am-9pm.

ESSEX

The Arts Festival features Quicksilver, Brotherhood of Breath, Imrat Khan, Country Joe, Quintessence, Geno Washington, Dr. John, and New Riders of the Purple Sage, Vladimir Ashkenazy'n the Gabrielli String Quartet, and many other good things from 7-14 May. Details from Essex Festival Organisers, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester. (Tel: 44144, ext 2237).

LIVERPOOL

Check out Great Georges Project, an experimental arts/kids centre at Great George Street, Liverpool 1 (051 709 5109)

HUDDERSFIELD

Straight is a good duplicated general interest mag with articles on peace, drugs, ecology, UFOs, prison, etc, plus fiction and poetry and pretty pictures. Send 10p (plus 3p postage) to J. Townson, 48 Causeway Side, Linthwaite, Huddersfield, HD7 5NW

LONDON

BIT needs money desperately. Send what you can to 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11.

Kirkdale School is an alternative day school for children 3½-13 years, run by children, parents and teachers at 186 Kirkdale, Sydenham, London SE26 (01 778 0149)

Street Sheet, mag produced by WPP Croydon/Bromley is essential reading for anyone in the area. 5p (plus SAE) from c/o 45 Sylvan Road, Upper Norwood, London SE19

EXMOUTH

Exmouth Boot is the local alternative paper for those parts. 4p (plus p&p- from 19 Albion Street).



This piece is reprinted from a new u/g publication in the USA the 'New York Ace.' Free-lance and Ace columnist P.J. O'Rourke is known mostly for his rambling first person pieces and Tom Wolfe-esque cultural features, and struck many as an odd choice for "youth" reporter to accompany Nixon's Peking press party. However PJ is young (24) has a degree in Chinese language and literature and had front line journalistic experience in Chicago in '68, Kent in '70 and Washington last May. Said College Press Syndicate head: "Besides, O'Rourke's style represents the reporter as homme engage par excellence."

UP CHINA WITH NIXON

"THE JACKALS COME IN FROM THE COLD"
OR
"WITH NO.43 YOU GET EGG ROLL"



PEKING Feb.23: The only really harrowing part of this trip so far has been the flight out to China. By the time we landed early Monday morning to refuel and pick up a Chinese navigator in Shanghai I'd been with my 86 fellow members of the press for four days. Now, I've been cooped up with some weird people in my time but the Trip to Peking beat all hollow any combination of men's dorm, summer camp and draft physical that I can remember. Ziegler, who's an insufferable high school debating society sort of creep anyway, really went fishing for this bunch. There are a whole lot of pious windbags of the Walter Cronkite and Harry Reasoner ilk and a mess of oily little intellectuals like Max Frankel from the *New York Times* and Stanley Karnow of the *Washington Post*, such outright fascists as Bill Buckley and Joseph Kraft, a fat mick from AP named Mulligan, good lord, and dozens of others not to mention James A. Mitchener who's covering the thing for the damned *Reader's Digest* already. They spent the whole four days getting drunk and telling Chinaman jokes. I mean, if I hear "No tickee, no shirtee" one more time I'll run amuck for sure. The night we spent on Guam was the low point. I got loaded in the hotel bar on this Japanese Asahi beer and started telling Mitchener what I thought of his ripoff Kent State book. "Listen, Jimbo," I said, "I thought I was reading *Hawaii* for the first hundred pages, you son of a bitch..." He was looking at me like I came out of the sky. And I was snarling. And he was backing down the bar. And finally this *Life* photographer, John Dominis, who's not a bad guy at all, put me in a full nelson and talked me into a little ugly American R&R out on the honky-tonk strip.

While Chou was off showing Mao the funny white people, the press corps was taken on a sort of Gray Lines Tour of Peking. Our guides were friendly enough and very courteous, considering the stream of "tell me, take me, show me, bring me" from the correspondents. But, basically, they were the sort of over-grown boy scouts who perform this sort of duty anywhere in the world. They gave us a little set speech about friendship between the people of China and the people of the US, a humble apology for the poverty of their country and an explanation of how hard they were all working and how far they yet had to go. Then they were deluged by questions while the buses took us to our first real stop, a communal bakery. The questions were mostly about economics and freedom of speech. I had to admire the guides for their explanation of the ABC's of Marxism. They were very patient about the whole thing, spelling out each point and speaking almost without condescending, on their best four-year-old level. Even so, the whole business was lost on most of the reporters who kept saying things like "But what if one Chinaman wants to sell his wrist watch to another Chinaman..." On the other hand, the Chinese had a lot of trouble with the "free speech" stuff. I think their impressions of Americans is that we let our mouths write out a lot of checks that our asses can't cash.

At the bakery we were greeted by the commune's revolutionary committee. The committee was young and sexually integrated. I take it from their sort of circumlocutory history of the bakery's management that they were mostly ex-Red Guards. But ex-Red Guards of the type who ran the mimeograph machines and sat up in earnest all night with consciousness raising rather than the kind who were out flaming around in the streets smashing pots and pans with bourgeois culture. They showed us around and fed us tea and rolls still hot from the oven.

My Chinese is rusty and there's a sort of Manchu accent in Peking that's difficult for me but I took in as much as I could. The committee members and other workers were joking among

themselves some—making puns and word plays on Mao quotes and kidding about the American visit. "Inviting the jackals in from the cold," they called it, but good - naturedly, though I caught one or two asides about "big feet," a phrase with the approximate connotation of "nigger." Also I heard a couple of phrases that could be translated (taking great liberties) as "heavy vibes" or "far-out."

That same afternoon we also toured a tractor factory and had pretty much the same experience. Then we were taken to the Hotel of Nationalities on Changan Blvd. and shown our quarters.

The accommodations are first rate. We each have a private room and bath in one of the top three stories of the old hotel. The rooms are soare and pleasant and very clean. The walls are painted light blue and the furniture—a bed, night table, chair and writing desk—are sturdy and simple, made of teak wood, I think. There's a porcelain spittoon painted with a rural scene and above the desk is a portrait of a younger Mao, writing at a table in his old headquarters at Yen'an. But over the bed in my room are two reproductions of ancient scrolls that struck me as rather out of keeping with the cultural revolution. One is Liang K'ai's "Hui-Neng (the sixth Zen Patriarch) cutting bamboo." The other, signed "Torèi" is a script of Hui-Neng's famous verse which is usually translated as:

*There is no Bodhi-tree
Nor face of mirror bright
Since all is void
Where can the dust alight?*

And composed his enlightened response to the stanza of a rival monk:

*Our body is the Bodhi-tree
Our mind a mirror bright
Carefully we wipe them hour by hour
And let no dust alight*

When I saw those scrolls I realized exactly how much I have to learn about modern China.

Monday night was the big welcoming banquet and the Chinese, now that we'd been snubbed at the airport and reminded of our general geo-political misbehaviour, pulled out all the stops.

It was a knockout dinner, ...laced Moo Goo Gai Pan, Roast Duck, Shrimp and Bak Toi, preserved eggs and about a hundred other courses, laced with constant toasts of P'eng-fei, a brandy-like and highly potent liquor. The Chinese despise drunkenness and the P'eng-fei was a wonderful opportunity for us to make real ass-holes of ourselves.

The opportunity was well-taken for the most part, especially by *US News and World Report's* Hugh Sidy who at one point decided to go beyond all the "one people to another" toasts and proposed we bottom up over the future friendship of our respective governments. The Chinese turned, well, white. It was like somebody at an ecumenical council had jumped up and shouted, "Let's hear it for the mackerel-snappers!"

Up at the head of the table, with the important people, some strange things were going on too. Nixon seemed to be holding up pretty well, smiling stupidly and making lame jokes to no one in particular. Dominis swears to me that he heard Dick say something about being hungry again half an hour later, but I don't know. Pat was really dizzy for a while, chatting away like mad (reportedly) about willow ware, lacquered cabinets and crap like that. After a while she started to look pretty beat. Chou and Kissinger, though, were really going at it, talking in French. They were laughing and gesturing and patting each other's forearms, etc...No one seems to have any idea what they were talking about. Myself, I don't swing much weight around here as I was seated practically in the next province and this is mostly hearsay. Rumour also has it that one of Kissinger's whiz-kids, a prissy-looking guy named Winston Lord, got pretty bloated, started kidding around about the yellow peril and had to be sent off to bed. I don't know about that but I did see him leave. It was also pretty

funny watching all the news people drop everything down the front of themselves using the chop sticks. The officials had apparently taken lessons.

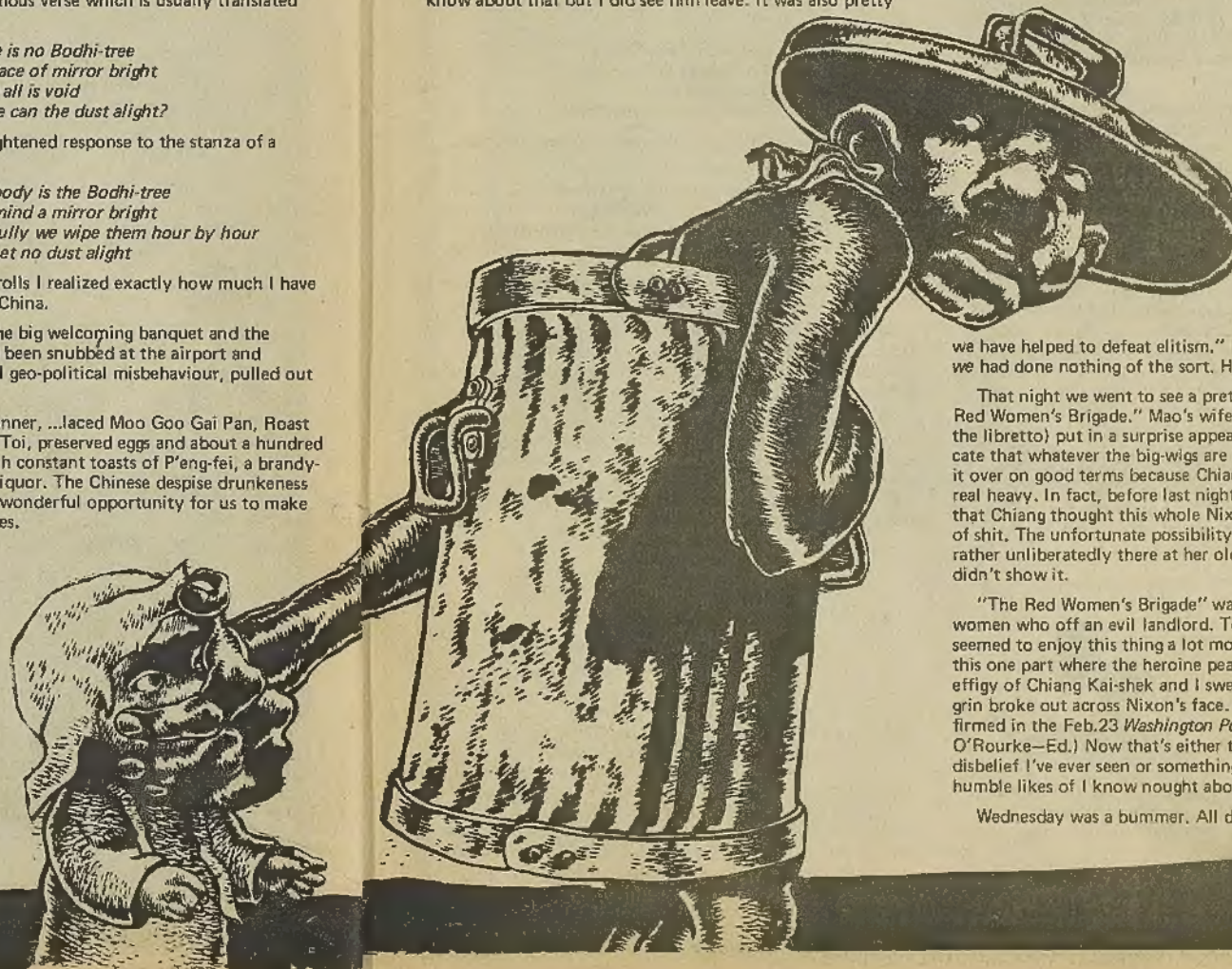
Tuesday we went to Peking University and after about an hour and a half of the usual tour shit, Dominis and I and this young State Department flack named Freeman managed to get away and talk to some students and faculty for a while. I was mostly interested in the Red Guards and what had happened during the '66-'69 disorders. After all, that's the same period I was rioting in college myself. Everybody was much more open about this business than I would have thought. Hu Hsiung, a former leader of the Red Guard faction which occupied the University in 1967 said (again roughly translated): "Things have changed since then. We were involved in politics more deeply then than we are now. We were not *wrong* exactly. Bureaucrats and elitists had achieved too much power in the government. They were getting fat. But we neglected to organize among the common people. We wanted, instead, violent sudden struggle and mass demonstrations. Such things are popular of course, but in the long run they are only so progressive and may lead to excesses." In my clumsy Chinese I told him almost the same thing about the left in America and we had a good laugh. "However," he continued, "we have achieved most of our really worthy aims. I hope that

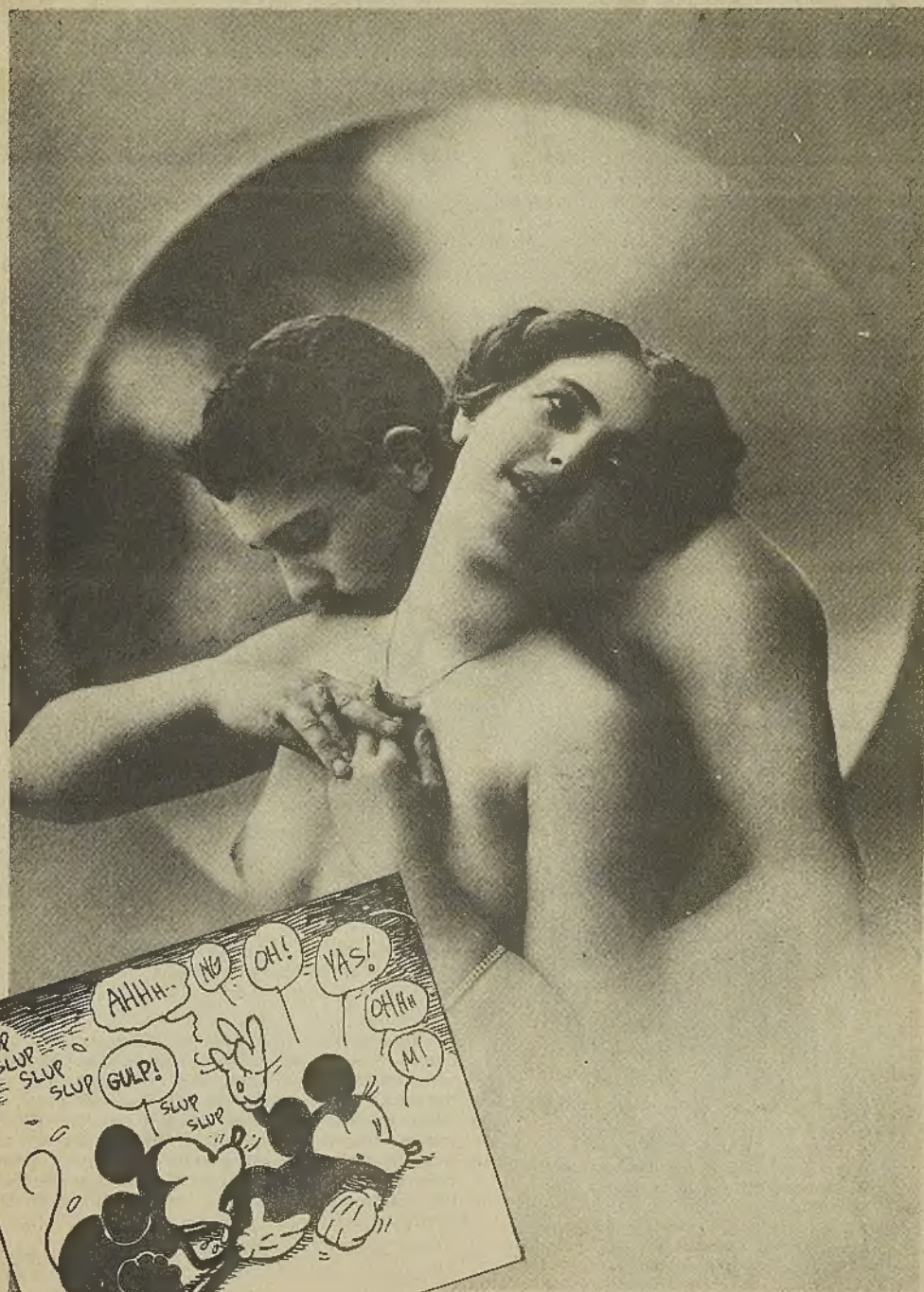
we have helped to defeat elitism." I told him that, sad to say, we had done nothing of the sort. He was very sympathetic.

That night we went to see a pretty boring opera called "The Red Women's Brigade." Mao's wife, Chiang Ching (who wrote the libretto) put in a surprise appearance. This seems to indicate that whatever the big-wigs are talking over, they're talking it over on good terms because Chiang Ching is well known as a real heavy. In fact, before last night, it was generally assumed that Chiang thought this whole Nixon trip thing was a crock of shit. The unfortunate possibility also exists that she was rather unliberatedly there at her old man's behest. If so, she didn't show it.

"The Red Women's Brigade" was all about a bunch of red women who off an evil landlord. To my amazement, Nixon seemed to enjoy this thing a lot more than I did. There was this one part where the heroine peasant girl blows away an effigy of Chiang Kai-shek and I swear to god a big shit-eating grin broke out across Nixon's face. (This anecdote was confirmed in the Feb.23 *Washington Post*, not that we don't trust O'Rourke—Ed.) Now that's either the worst case of suspended disbelief I've ever seen or something is going on which the humble likes of I know nought about.

Wednesday was a bummer. All day long we followed Pat continued on page 45





OCCASIONALLY I GIGGLE

And now for a little glimpse of the world of SEX.....

I have this vision or perhaps more a feeling of time in one of the hazy dawns of history when the Earth was only a garden for the animals and a kingdom for the plants. But then we know little of time. Was this before or after the Ice Age—and how many Ice Ages were there/are there? Was it before or after ape-man became man-ape and then man? or, again, did this ever happen? But there was a time, a time when everything was animal on this Earth, when movement was pure instinct and drive...hibernation, migration, nest-building, burrowing, cleaning, mating...

...mating—when copulation was one of mother nature's more magnificent whims in the continuation of life. With some—and still now—this whole matter just a blob dividing. (ah, I say just, but so much more). Fish and their eggs, and so with birds. Ants and wasps with more eggs. And then insertion, and pouches and wombs. And as time passed, even more refinements to make ritual for nature: horses nuzzling, peacocks fanning, apes cleaning. Then, to sing a metaphor, at some flash or stretch in this great expanse of time, two apes touching looked at each other's face and the touch became a caress. The touch became a caress; and perhaps a smile or a grimace. Some button had been pressed, some great machine slowly began moving. Some bizarre and marvellous revelation this. Some amazing change.

And, strange, the other animals didn't even notice, never opened their eyes. Or perhaps they remain happy in their stallion and earthy bliss.

Now, though some children and less lovers and fewer friends may fuck happily, we have our problems. Any man or woman, silent and musing alone, withdrawn from man's game, will admit and ponder and spiral unhappily on the problems: timing ejaculation, enjoying/even achieving orgasm, the size of your cunt, the size of your penis, the caress of your clitoris, the shape of your breasts, masturbation, virginity, eleven-years-old and wondering, thirty-years-old and still wondering, having the lights full bright and opening your legs, stretching your body, walking breathing.

So the touch became a caress, and we can look, softly or badly, into each other's eyes—and problems.

It's strange how the animals ball together just when and how and as is needed wherever, whenever they do, it's all a part of the natural plan and format. For us, for you and me, however, things have changed. We don't begin fucking like happy little animals as soon as we're physically able. Why not indeed? Watch the three-year-olds feeling and exploring, moving their bodies through sensuality, as their eyes open wide. Why not for us indeed? Such strange and unhappy rituals and rules have evolved with this weird society the millennia have allowed us to build.

Most bizarre of all, it cannot fail to strike us, that when our touches become caresses, when an instinctive function became consciously enjoyable, so it also became consciously unenjoyable and we lost a freedom—were given our horrors and our hassles. And so it also went with society. Sure, it was the serpent who brought us our fig-leaves.

No wonder the song's for us to get back to the garden.

And now to hold hands and make it personal and open up, as my own head was heavily involved with sex while I worried and was anxious about the size of my penis, the grandeur of my cock. I even consciously understood that this was a classically chiched fear and syndrome—and, really, that I ought to giggle with embarrassment at the mere idea. It was silly and it was childish, and it hung me up and was real.

In real terms, it meant that I was anxious about functioning sexually with success—or even being able to function at all—and, therefore, paranoid of women, expecting and waiting to be put down. So this meant that I couldn't fuck happily with a woman unless I trusted her—trusted that she wouldn't giggle and send me running with a sneer (my tail between my legs if only it were long enough). And trust is a strange and mysterious thing. But even trusting and liking—even with all that—there were still anxious, interferencesome and horrible troubles.

Men, you see, are by reputation supposed to fuck and enjoy fucking any woman they happen to fancy. Women, on the other hand, are by reputation only supposed to fuck men whom they like, love and trust—to the point of even sometimes refusing to do it until after the wedding (or the concert or festival or tea-time chat). So, because of my particular fears about having a small cock to the extent of almost total disappearance occasionally I giggle, I found myself behaving like a woman—in being careful about with whom I slept. Now, then, I was doing this because of my cock; and women do it because...because they're women? If another man, for instance your nice butch Australian rugby player, were told about my attitude to women (i.e. cautious, friendly, brotherly, erotic, open....—he would mutter into his beer mug *fucking woman* about me. So there I am—behaving just like a woman. But I didn't tease people or only go so far, you know.

Well, with a little loving help from my friends I lost the hang-up and we can close the case file, but I still can't make it to being a heavy stud, aggressively groping and digging my manoeuvres. But I do like balling—and I find it impossible to believe that what we're supposed to do by reputation is either right or happy-making.

But we all have our problems. If the male of the species suffer and act out certain wrongs in their sexual behaviour due to their activity by reputation and common knowledge, so then do women. It's a hang-up when ladies are not free, but considering *their reputation* it comes as little surprise. The myth of femininity is pretty heavy: the need to be seduced, the ability to make only the *second* move, their output of actual energy only a quarter of what the man is putting in. And if it's dirty for a man to kiss and suck her sex, so is it bad for a woman to sit naked in the light, her legs spread apart. And how many people can interfere enough to tell their partner what they like and want?—and why is this an interference? And how many know the intimacy of their own clitoris, their own cock, their own bodies—not just for yourself but to introduce with affection to your friends, your sisters and your brothers.

Oh, the cons and the hypes that have been laid upon us.

But to be friends and erotic, to like and to fancy, to touch

continued on page 45



... where rival political factions such as Maoists and Socialists ended up physically assaulting each other.

STILL HOPE FOR WOMEN'S LIB

FUCKIN'
AJ!



Ever since the disastrous Women's Liberation Conference in Skegness last year, many women had lost hope in the women's movement, thinking that it consisted purely of sectarian political groups bent on infiltrating the movement for their own particular ends. This was amply illustrated at the Skegness Conference where rival political factions such as Maoists and Socialists ended up physically assaulting each other. Even worse was the way men were invited to the conference who spent all their time in the Hall whilst many women had to work all the time at looking after the kids and had no time to take part in a conference which was supposed to be theirs. Almost everyone came away from that conference firmly convinced never to attend another one.

However, with all this in mind, the Manchester Women's Liberation Groups were careful to plan the next conference (held on March 25th and 26th in Manchester) so as not to allow any particular group to take over the platform. And the agenda was left wide open for workshops so that as many groups as possible could get on with whatever they particularly wanted to discuss. Men were excluded from the conference, mainly because so many women are conscious of the inhibiting effect

some men have on honest open discussion among women, but unfortunately the vast majority of women voted for men to be also excluded from the evening's 'Social'. Thus, to my mind, was playing the same intolerant game that women's liberationists are always attacking men for. But in spite of that, men did in fact turn up and everything ran smoothly apart from one incident where some poor guy got clobbered with a beer mug for making advances to one of the women there.

There were about 800 women at the conference from all over the country: London, Bristol, Nottingham, Birmingham, Colchester, Manchester and even Glasgow. Among the groups were GLF, Socialist Women, Radical Feminists, The Abortion and Contraception Campaign, Women in Media and countless others. Workshops were held on the Family, the Media, Libertarianism, the Politics of Women's Liberation, How to set up Information Services, the Anti-Discrimination Bill,

Women and Trade Unions, the Night Cleaners Campaign, the Nursery Campaign.

But by far the most interesting and important aspect of the

continued on page 43

THE FABULOUS FURRY
FREAK BROTHERS
AT THE SHOOTOUT IN THE COUNTY SLAMMER



OUR STORY OPENS WITH A GRIM NEWS STORY:

MORNING NEWS
Extra Extra

**HIPPIE FARMER SEIZED IN
HUGE RURAL NARCOTICS RAID**

HUGE RURAL TOWN

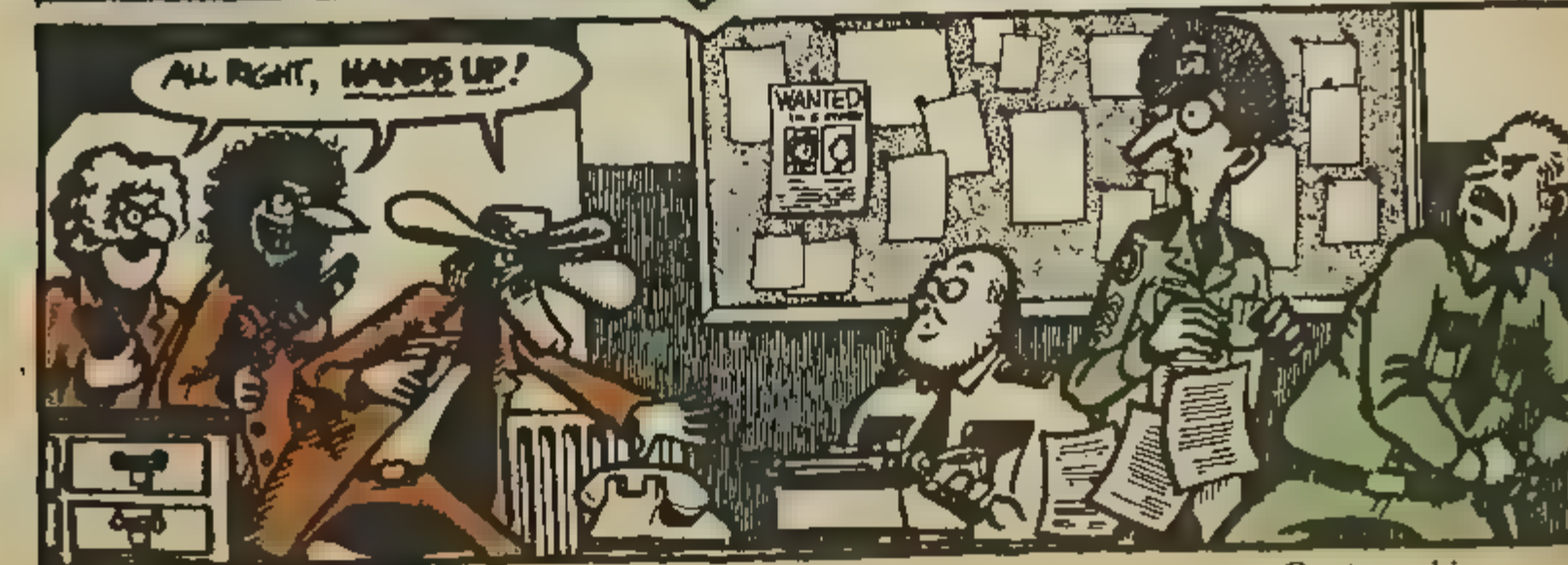
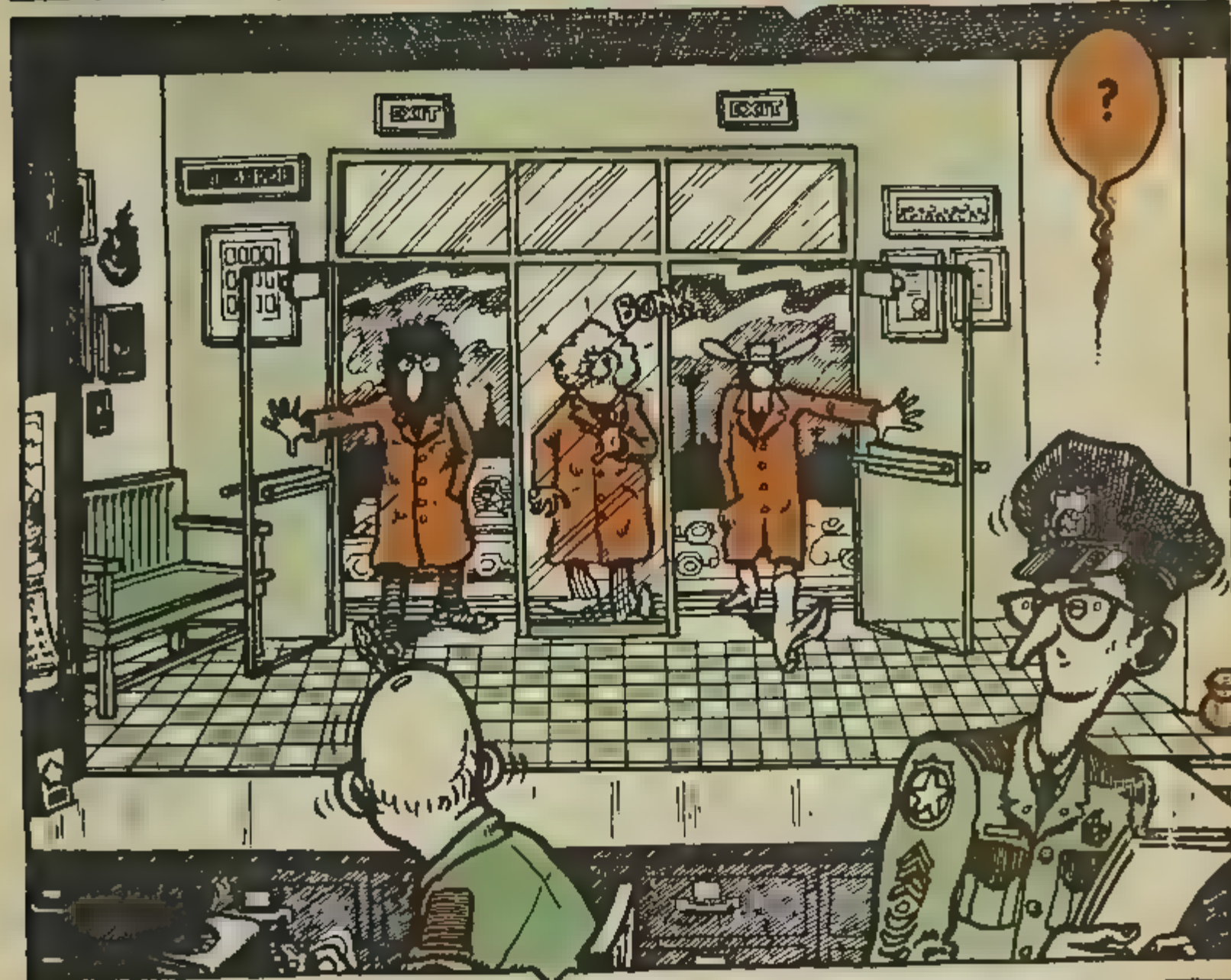
Low Price (40) "Horse" Country, Connors, a local farmer, was arrested at his home last night by local sheriff's deputies and charged with possession of illegal drugs. The sheriff reported the seizure of 2,500 pounds of suspect cocaine, 40 boxes of 2001 Heroin, 400 boxes of 2001 Heroin, and 200 boxes of 2001 Heroin. Larry Mellick also reported the discovery of what was apparently an illegal medicinal laboratory in Connors's home.

Connors is being held in the Carroll County Jail in Hanover, N.H., on a \$50,000 bail set by Justice of the Peace John L. Ryder. The judge ordered that Connors be kept in jail with a \$100,000 bail.

THAT VERY EVENING, THREE CLOAKED FORMS
MAY BE SEEN LURKING IN THE FOLIAGE
ADJACENT TO THE "PLACE OF INCARCERATION".



IT IS INDEED FREEMEEELIN' FRANKLIN, FAT FREDDY, & PHINEAS, THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS!



Continued in next issue.

FOXSHAW'S AN' DASH' A FACT

A MEMBER, UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA (U.N.C.W.A.) MAY BE REPRINTED BY U.P.S. MEMBER PAPERS EXCEPT THE SEED (CHICAGO) & THE BIRD (ATLANTA)

PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT HAD TO CLOSE GEN'S SPA (POPULAR EAST VILLAGE WATERING HOLE) WHEN IT WAS FOUND THAT THE MAN WHO MIXED THE EGG CREAMS IS A LEPROSY CARRIER. IF YOU HAVE HAD RECENT CONTACT WITH THIS MAN DO NOT DESPAIR OR PANIC!

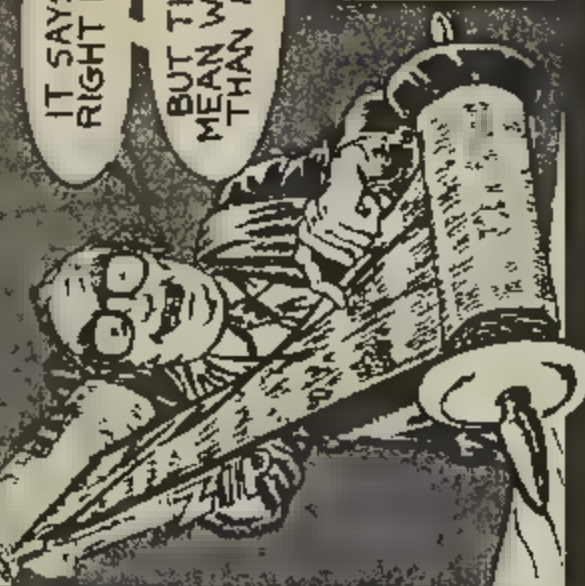


A PAINFUL SERIES OF INJECTIONS MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

ARE JEWS THE CHOSEN PEOPLE?

IT SAYS SO RIGHT HERE!

BUT THAT DON'T MEAN WE'RE BETTER THAN ANYONE, SEE



RECENT EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT PEOPLE AREN'T EVEN THE CHOSEN SPECIES.

Am' DASH' A FACT

A TIP OF THE HAT TO THE LOST-LOVED TERRY

CONFIDENTIAL TO THE DONOR OF THE ITEM ABOUT WHAT ELIJAH MUHAMMAD SAID ABOUT SHEBAZZO BEAN PIE: YOUR ITEM WAS THE MOST RACIST THING I'VE EVER READ, BUT YOUR INFORMATION IS FALSE. THIS FEATURE IS DEDICATED TO TRUTH

©1972
YOSSARIUM
REYLUM PRESS

PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT

HAROLD FINE
COME HOME SON!
YOUR FATHER
AGREES TO KEEP
OUT OF YOUR
AFFAIRS.
HE PROMISES TO
RETURN YOUR
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE
GRANDMA IS VERY
SICK.
YOUR MOTHER



HAROLD FINE
PHOTO TAKEN 1966

YOUR ?
WAS AMELIA EARHART A LESBIAN



I AM UNABLE TO FIND ANYTHING DEFINITE IN MY FILES OR PHOTOGRAPHS HOWEVER I HAVE GOOD PICTURES OF OTHER LESBIANS SEND FOR CATALOGUE!

HAROLD FINE
PHOTO TAKEN 1971

GIVE THE MAN A CHANCE!!



EVERYBODY HAS BEEN DUMPING ON ALLEN KLEIN SINCE IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HIS COMPANY IS SEEMINGLY GETTING \$1.04 FROM EACH BENGLA-DESH BENEFIT ALBUM. NOBODY HAS EVEN ASKED KLEIN. MAYBE HE REALLY NEEDS THE \$3,000,000.00

IGNORANCE IS NO EXCUSE *Am' DASH' A FACT*

DO YOU KNOW?

J EDGAR HOOVER GIVES AWAY ALL CANDY AND COMESTIBLES WHICH ARE SENT TO HIM; TO ORPHANAGES.
AN' DASH' A FACT



DEFINITE YOSSARIUM: DO YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF WITH AN EMPTY CORNER IN A COMIC STRIP AND NO IDEA TO PLACE THERE? NO, NEVER A GOOD CARTOONIST PLANS AHEAD

DINOSAUR NEWS



Negro girl, Cloretta Robinson, 10, is periodically bleeding from the hands, feet and side in a classic display of stigmata only days before Good Friday, doctors said in Oakland, Calif. They have tentatively diagnosed the condition as "Easter bleeding syndrome".

Medical experts believe it may be caused by auto-suggestion or other emotional conditions.

A new breed of world-beating athletes may be produced in test-tubes. Dr John Williams, one of the world's top

authorities on medicine and sport believes that Eastern Europe may be breeding super sportsmen by artificial insemination.

"I would not be surprised to see athletes who are the results of selective breeding competing in the Olympics within 20 years. It is very possible that in one of the Eastern European countries the sperm from a star male athlete has been given to a leading woman athlete in order to produce a super-athlete."

"Events such as the Olympics are regarded as political prestige vehicles, and some countries like Russia and East Germany are prepared to go to any lengths to do well in them. We train athletes for maximum performance and gear their lives, their eating and social habits to this end. It is only a small step to actually breeding them for this purpose."

An Australian nun who asked for financial help from Paul Getty, one of the world's richest men, has received a cheque for £3.85. "I don't know whether to cash it, frame it or sell it," she said, after being offered £45 for it.

A cake bought by a housewife contained a rat's foot. McVitie Cakes admitted selling a Jaffa Cake not of the substance demanded and were fined £30. Mrs Joan Borer, the buyer, put a piece of cake in her husband's packed lunch and he discovered the rat's foot.

Television has become such an addiction among West Germans that 184 people sacrificed money rather than renounce the box. The Munich Society of National Psychology paid couples 60p and single people 30p per day to abstain from watching for a year. Ninety per cent returned to normal watching within four months, the rest before six months.

The report says "Men and girls appearing on TV stimulate viewers erotically. They tend to forget or suppress their personal problems and embrace each other under the influence of television, regardless of whether they are watching late news or listening to a weekend sermon."

Soccer fan, Bert Goatley, who died last December after supporting Kings Lynn football club for 40 years is to have his ashes scattered on the pitch.

The Highways Lobby have calculated that it would take until the year 26,972 to pave over the whole of America.

Motorcyclist Alan Bartlett aged 18 obeyed the law and wore his crash helmet when he rode to the beach at Sydney, Australia. But he was fined £110 all the same—because he was naked.

British Rail has sold off 68 dog skins found scattered along the main line between London and Manchester. The RSPCA said that the pelts were held for a period by BR but were unclaimed. They were used to make industrial gloves. The dogs had been expertly skinned.

The leader of a group of hippies in Russia shot and injured two bank clerks during an abortive robbery in Lvov last year. The Soviet court sentenced Sergei Yulin, aged 18, to be shot and his three companions received between 8 and 10 years in the labour camps.

After robbing the bank they had intended to escape across the Soviet-Turkish border and then go to America to set up a group. Yulin is quoted as saying "Our group adopted hippies ideals. We always wanted to live in the woods, far from society. We wanted to wear long hair, unorthodox clothing, to play the guitar, to listen to Western music, to express our views when we disapprove of something. The main thing in hippie morality is unlimited freedom and no need to work."

Headlines of the week:

**£1m DAMAGE YEARLY
BY WARBLE FLY**

**THE NIGHT A PUB SETTLE
EXPLODED**

**TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA HOLDS
NO TERROR FOR ROELANTS**

SOURCES:

E. Standard, Times, Telegraph, Mail, Sun, Guardian.

"THE KIDS GET SO RIPPED THAT
THE MUSIC DOESN'T REALLY
MATTER."

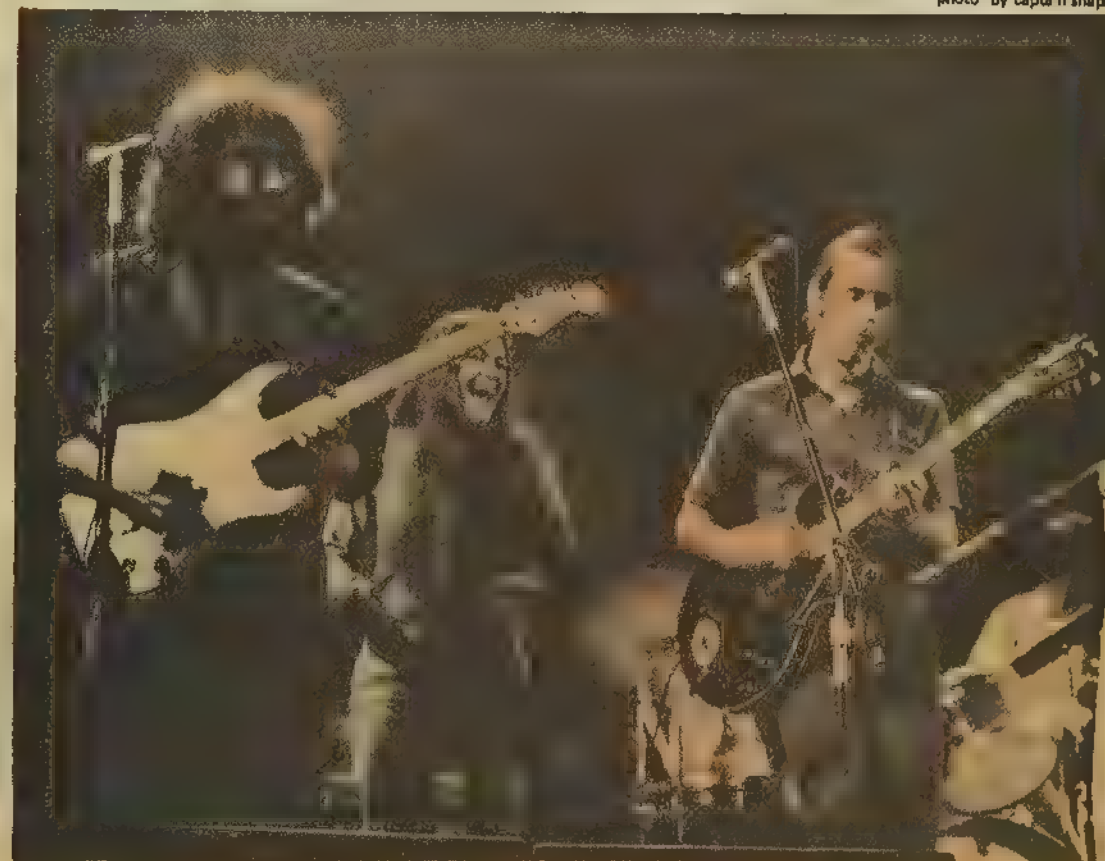


GRATEFUL DEAD IN LONDON



After six years the acid test band finally make it to England.

photo by capta n snaps



"The trouble with a lot of kids who come to our concerts is that they can't see beyond the drugs. They get so ripped that the music doesn't really matter."—Pigpen.

For six years, the legend of the acid test band has lingered. The Dead, the band to take drugs too. And, true to form, the British Dead freaks all but filled the great cavern of Wembley Pool, with the joints a'going and the whiskey passing round, and, with the billboard for the National Country Music Festival still on the front of the building and associations of recent T.Rexstasy strong in mind, the concert they saw was probably a unique event.

"Just folks, that's all we can relate to. The songs we play are our history. The American West."—Pigpen.

"Until some new divine inspiration, some flash comes that is all we can do, play our music and seek a oneness with the people who are listening."—Bob Weir.

And that was exactly what they did, they played music, for almost three hours, standing, nodding in time, without theatre or histrionics, almost waist deep in monitor speakers. A group of men doing the job that they really enjoy, and ranging across a spectrum of music that anyone in the audience must have grown up with; with Pigpen, standing quietly putting "Big Boss Man" through a version both loyal to, and at the same time, a long way from either Jimmy Reed or the gold jacket boys who borrowed it from him.

"Three of us have given up drugs. It became worrying—we were burning out our brain cells and so were the people in the audience, strung out thirteen year olds outside the Fillmore East."—Bob Weir.

But, despite that, the pipe went round in the hotel room and the big cigarettes were produced on stage, and the triumphal first half ending with Casey Jones was treated as an anthem rather than a warning, repeating the chorus over and over with Joe's Lights projecting the lyrics on to the back stage screen, and lacking only a bouncing spot to give it the full seaside concert party, pier pavilion atmosphere.

"The main thing is getting off behind the music."—Pigpen.

It is hard to talk about a band that one moment is being led by Garcia to sounds that are a part of pink padded tunnels that spiral down through the back byeways of consciousness, and, moments later, follows Bob Weir, breaking into John Wayne juke box reality of Marty Robbins' "El Paso"—"One day a wild young cowboy came in, wild as wild Texas wind." You suddenly get a flash on shared history, as Bob Weir leads on "Down the Line", you know that at fifteen he stood in front of a mirror and tried to look like Elvis, the same as the rest of you did, or listening to Garcia you see a kid who practiced copying the Mid-West nasal whine of the young Bob Dylan. The shared flash a oneness through their music that is instantly earthy and spiritually high.

"California is at one time, paradise and a battleground."—Phil Lesh.

The sadness of seeing the Dead for the first time is that the logistics of bringing them to England prevented the Wembley audience from sharing totally the seven year evolution that produced the music they were hearing, as the band grinned happily as a pocket of freaks lit sparklers, or, between songs, asked anyone who couldn't hear well to shout "NO".

The charisma is still there, so evident in the gang of free-loaders trying to get a piece of Grateful Dead energy at the



after-show reception. It would have been nice to have grown up with the acid test band, particularly as there is the sneaking suspicion that if the first London acid had been dropped watching them rather than cerebrally isolating the Pink Floyd, we might be a stronger community.

MICK FARREN

Photos by Edward



EAT IT

A HOT WEATHER EGG RELISH

6 hard-boiled eggs; 2 tsp chopped parsley; nutmeg; 1/2 small onion; 1 tsp salt; 1 lemon; 1 tsp granulated sugar.

Chop finely together the eggs and onions, add salt, a dust each of pepper and nutmeg; the mustard, parsley, juice of the lemon and grated onion; 1/2 lemon mix thoroughly. If too dry, add a little vinegar.

Can be used for sandwich spread or as a relish with cold meat.

SPICED APPLES

10 apples; 1 1/2 cups of sugar; 1/2 cup vinegar; 2 small sticks of cinnamon; clove.

Boil the vinegar, sugar and cinnamon for 10 mins in an enamelled saucepan. Peel and core the apples, cut into eighths, stick in a clove for each section. Cook in the syrup until quite tender.

EGG SARDINES

Allow 1 egg, 1 sardine per person, or small piece of toast or fried bread.

Have a small frying pan with a little hot fat. Fry so that only one small corner rests on the fire. Place a sardine in this and break an egg over the top of it. Fry until the egg is nicely set to taste. Lift carefully so as not to break the sardine or egg and lay on a piece of fried bread. Serve while very hot. Any pieces of fish may be used up in this way if liked, but the fish foundation should be in one piece and not flaked.

TOMATOICE

3 cups of Bovril; 1/2 cup of tomato juice; salt and pepper to taste; 1/2 lb grated Parmesan cheese.

Mix the Bovril and tomato juice.

season to taste and bring to the boil. When cold strain and pour into the freezer. Freeze for 1 1/2 hours and serve in little piles on plain biscuits. Grate a little Parmesan cheese over the top and serve on a lettuce leaf with a little tomato salad.

GROUND RICE CHEESECAKES

Melt 6 tbs, margarine and add 2 well beaten eggs; 7 tbs ground rice; 1 tsp baking powder; a little shredded peel; a few currants and sugar to sweeten to taste. Line large patty tins with short pastry and fill them with the mixture, decorating the top with strips of pastry. Bake in a rather quick oven.

HARICOT BEAN CURRY

1/2 lb haricot beans; 2 apples; 2 oz butter; 1 large onion; 1/2 lemon; 1 tbs oil; 1 tbs of grated or desiccated coconut; dessert spoon of caster sugar; 1 tbs of curry powder; milk.

Soak the beans for at least 12 hours. Place in a saucepan with sufficient cold

water to cover, and boil gently until soft, drain in a colander, melt the butter in a saucepan, fry in it the chopped onion, till lightly browned, stir in the chopped apple, then add the curry powder and flour and stir over the heat till well fried, but be careful not to burn; then add the coconut and some of the milk or falling this away, milk or the water in which the haricots were boiled (about 1/2 pt). Stir till boiled, then put in the beans and sugar and let warm through very gradually. Before serving add the juice of 1/2 a lemon. Serve with a boiled potato.

LENTIL SOUP

This soup is very nourishing. Soak lentils in the morning, drain and wash thoroughly. Prepare and slice an onion, a carrot, a leek and two sticks of celery, and fry in a saucepan with one ounce of dripping or butter. Pour 4 pints of water over, add the lentils and simmer for about 4 hours. Rub through a sieve, boil up and season to taste. Serve very hot with diced fried bread.



THE LADS ON THE FRONT COVER ARE FROM TURF LODGE. THEY HAVE JUST HIJACKED AND URNT THIS HUGE, POWERFUL ARTICULATED LORRY ONE OF THE LADS SAID TO ME, "THE BLOKE WE TOOK IT FROM WAS NEARLY IN TEARS, IT WAS HIS BRAND NEW LORRY WHICH HE' JUST BOUGHT WITH HIS OWN MONEY VERY SAD. THE LADS IN THE PICTURE BELOW ARE THE WORLDS ACE NO.1 RIOTERS FROM THE BOGSIDE THE LAD WITH THE DUSTBIN LID IS THINKING OF THEM ALL -SOLDIERS BEWARE!

IT/128 Page 27



I WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER WITH MCGINTEY AND O'TOOLE

GEORGE SNOWS *IRISH* PICS

FOR THERE ARE NO JOBS IN DERRY TOWN FOR MANY A LONG YEAR



It costs £7.50 to fly to Belfast on a weekend standby ticket. You don't have to know anyone in Belfast to make yourself at home in the Catholic liberated areas. Get a bus in the general direction of Leeson Street (just off the Falls Road) and ask for Central Citizens Defence Committee (C.C.D.C.), tell them who you are and what you're doing here and they should be able to help you. The oppressed Catholic people are amazingly generous. I went to Belfast with Rosemary and our kid Ivan-Nikolai, aged two, as an underground revolutionary photographer. The C.C.D.C. got us a furnished house, two up two down, rent free.

Life felt tense in Belfast. Strangers with cameras make the locals nervous, and they look like guns to the army. If you go to Belfast expect paranoia from the people — and expect to feel it yourself.

The army is cruel in Belfast. The soldiers are kids, working class, black and white — and they're really scared. The officers order them to kill their own people, brutalize boys who could be their own brothers, men who could be their fathers.

The I.R.A. are highly mobile. They fire a round or two at an army post and zoom . . . they're off. Escape routes and places to dump their guns having been carefully worked out in advance. But these tactics put the lives of the people at risk, and it's not just a case of civilians being caught in crossfire. If the army comes under fire from the freedom fighters, an invisible enemy, they will take their revenge by pumping bullets into any convenient Fenian brain — like the taxi driver whose house was in front of the notorious Taggart Memorial army post, which overlooks the Ballymurphy estate. He was carrying a battery from his house to his garage. He had the back of his head blown off by a high velocity bullet, fired by troops who came

under fire from the I.R.A. The army broadcasts the message, "Killed in crossfire", but to the people of Ballymurphy they are saying "If you permit the existence of the I.R.A. in your estate you, or members of your family, will be shot." The I.R.A. are responsible for the deaths of innocent people in crossfire, and they admit it, but even if it wasn't their bullets that did the killing their tactics are clearly at fault if they lead to confrontations in which non-combatants are killed. Everyone knows how ludicrous is the army claim to only open fire on "gunmen". We saw a head and shoulders portrait of a dark dusky maiden (a Woolworth's Tretchikoff) with a bullet hole in the shoulder. Now, if you line up the bullet hole in the picture and the bullet hole in the window, they point directly at the sentry tower of the Taggart Memorial. To an army sniper with a telescopic sight, which compresses perspective making the far wall appear to be just behind the window, the picture would have looked like a person standing at the window. No wonder the families who live in the shadow of the Taggart Memorial live in fear. It's everyone under the kitchen table with a mattress up against the wall when shooting is heard. The families pray that the thickness of several walls will prevent them from being hit by the army's high-velocity bullets. A story we heard gives an impression of the power and effectiveness of these bullets in urban guerilla warfare. An I.R.A. sniper opened up on the army from behind a chimney stack. The army couldn't get a sight on him, so they fired straight through the chimney stack (two solid brick walls, remember) and hit him in the head. He fell dead. For the I.R.A. to keep the people's support under such sophisticated oppression is a difficult task — but any democratic organisation must respect the will of the people and clearly there are those who fear they will be killed in crossfire or as a victim of army reprisals. After fifty years of oppression it is a matter of survival that the I.R.A.



defends the people and the people defend the I.R.A.

The Creggan and Bogside areas of Derry are peaceful havens. No army patrols here like in Belfast. These are the truly liberated areas of Northern Ireland. Power is in the hands of the people and not in the hands of any one organisation. No one organisation is powerful enough to dictate to the people. The people rule the Creggan and Bogside.

If you want to stay in the Creggan, ask for the Citizens Advice Centre. They are a 24-hour do-everything service. Aged from 15 to 20, the lads break up fights, check on those entering or leaving the Creggan, and concern themselves with the welfare of the Creggan People. C.A.C. got us put up with Martina, who is 22, very quiet, and very pretty. Her bloke Micky was lifted on August 9th, leaving her with their kid Ruam aged 18 months. Micky is in Long Kesh now. It's on the other side of the province — a long journey if you're visiting.

The people of the Creggan are well organised to defend themselves against the army. As well as the C.A.C. there are the Vigilantes. Working four hour shifts through the night, they watch the perimeters for signs of any army attempt to take the Creggan. If the army came they would sound their hooters and the warning cry would be taken up by the Creggan housewives banging dustbin lids and blowing whistles. The cacophony of the binlids in the night is an expression of mass defiance. The women who bang the lids and the men and boys who pour out into the streets to engage the troops with stones and bottles at all hours of the night are demonstrating the community's determination to defend from incarceration and humiliation every single one of its citizens. Vulnerable points on the Creggan perimeter are illuminated by floodlights run off the local street light electricity supply. A watchtower on the Creggan Heights

gives a commanding view of any army movements. The Civil Rights organisation does all the things like organising the rent and rates strike, demos, and giving legal advice. The I.R.A. Provo and Official (Pinheads and Sticks), are a lot less dependant on Dublin than many people think, and look most unlike a Jak cartoon and more like every bloke you've ever met. (Real friendly) I was able to go on patrol with the Officials in their plush stolen car. We drove round the Bogside at three in the morning. I was shit scared. "If we were stopped by the army," the driver said, "we'd rather die than get 15 years." I made sure I knew where the door handle was. I held a Stirling sub-machine gun for a while and received some rudimentary instructions on its use. Apparently you're supposed to fire short bursts rather than long sustained rounds, because automatic weapons tend to kick upwards and are difficult to control. The patrol cars (all stolen) never leave the liberated zones, so petrol is brought in in the tanks of other vehicles and siphoned off. The officials, as well as defending the area with arms, are organising a Claimants Union, and have distributed free shoes to those who need them. They are against destroying factories and shops because it leads to unemployment, but they have helped the civil disobedience by blowing up records of gas and rates bills. The Provos are a more aggressive bunch. They attack outside the liberated areas rather than just defend them, as do the officials. Three Provos have been killed in action in Derry. The most well known being the great Eamonn Lafferty, killed on the slopes of Brandywell on 19th August. "... and through his head a bullet sped, the price he had to pay." sing the folk singers of Derry.

I was arrested during a riot in William Street. I was taking pictures of this saracen as it came screaming up William Street towards the rioters. The rioters cleared and the vehicle stopped.

continued on page forty four

THE GOD ON THE TREE

*I know that I hung
on the windswept tree
for nine full nights
wounded with a spear
And given to Odin
myself to myself
on that tree
of which none knows
from what roots it rises*

Try to imagine if you can what a dreadful agonising death crucifixion must be. Death from crucifixion occurs through slow developing cramps brought on by spasmodic muscular contractions. The position of the body impedes the circulation of the blood, an enormous burden is placed on the heart. The blood carries less oxygen to the lungs and is increasingly contaminated by carbon dioxide. The victim feels as though he is suffocating. It rarely takes less than two days for the victim to die.

Jesus Christ like many others before him was a sacrifice placed upon a tree. The tree in this case being modernised into a cross.

The whole story of the Crucifixion can be seen as a ritual drama. Part of man's eternal search for something better and more loving than himself. Jesus came of Royal stock, some say he was secretly crowned King of Israel in a most ancient and secret ceremony. At the Last Supper he offered himself as a sacrifice for the people. Like other Divine Kings he chose to die that others might be saved.

The Buddha is said to have placed himself under the Tree of Enlightenment on the Immovable Spot for 7 days and 7 nights. He resisted the Tempter and became enlightened.

Odin hung for 9 days and nights on a tree in order to learn the secrets of the runes. He learned 9 mighty magic songs and drank the precious mead of poetry. He became a master of magic and secret wisdom. The tree from which Odin hung may have been Yggdrasil, the great world ash, which has one root embedded in Asgard, another in Utgard and the third in Niflheim. Under its first root is the spring of Urd (fate or future), Odin's source of wisdom the spring Mimir is under the second, the source of all rivers, Hvergelmir is the third spring. The dragon Nidhogg gnaws the deepest root.

Odin had many names, God of the Hanged and the Dead, Lord of the Gallows, Victim of the Gallows, Lord of the Gallows. He was the recipient of human sacrifice but also the rescuer of the hanged. Hanging was seen as a sacrifice to Odin. The victims may sometimes have been strung up after they were dead, the precious blood being sprinkled on the earth beforehand. In Jutland a number of bodies in a good state of preservation have been dug up. Some had seemingly first been hung and then sunk in the mud. In Leire and Uppsala bodies were hung from trees for Odin. In Thule the first captive in battle was sacrificed on an altar and then hung on a tree. Perhaps the greatest and bloodiest sacrifice took place at Uppsala in Sweden every ninth year. Nine of every living male creature were sacrificed and hung in the grove beside the temple. This grove was considered so holy that each of the trees was believed to be divine. An enormous evergreen

tree stood in the grove. It was said that no one knew what kind of tree it was.

The runes that Odin suffered on the tree to learn are magic signs whose very shapes are a magic incantation. They are not really a practical form of writing being mainly used for divination and charms. Many early stone crosses have runic inscriptions carved on them. There is evidence of a traditional association between runic charms and an intent to protect the dead. The runes were said to have been formed from ash twigs.

The difference therefore between Christ and other Gods on the Tree is that whilst they suffered in order to gain enlightenment, Christ died to bring the possibility of Enlightenment to all men. Mankind was seen as being in a state of perdition enslaved by the demonic rulers of the universe. God delivered man from this condition through the death of a Divine Being, the Lord of Glory. According to Saint Paul "Among the mature we do impart wisdom, although it is not a wisdom of this age or of the rulers of this age, who are doomed to pass away. But we impart a secret and hidden mystery of God which God decreed before the ages for our glorification. None of the rulers of this age understood this, for if they had, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory." In the Greek form the words rulers of this age seem to denote demonic powers. Paul may have believed in astralism, an ancient esoteric system based upon an age old belief that the stars ruled the destinies of men. Planets were identified with or regarded as inhabited by elemental spirits. According to Paul the Crucifixion was the work of the demonic rulers of the lower planetary world. Jesus was the supernatural being known as the 'Lord of Glory'. The demons were deceived about the real significance of the cross. Other Evangelists blamed the event on Roman and Jewish authority, however Paul's writing is earlier.

Jesus was nailed through the ankle in the same spot that made Achilles vulnerable, the Roman ritual being borrowed from the Canaanite Carthaginians. The victim of crucifixion originally being the annual sacred king, it is possible that the Roman soldiers turned the Crucifixion into a burlesque of this ritual. Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, playing the mock king instead of Barabbas, the condemned criminal perhaps previously selected to play the part. There are indeed some people who say that the gospel story of the Last Supper, Passion, Betrayal, Trial, Crucifixion and Resurrection was originally the transcript of a mystery drama.

The tops of hills have long been considered sacred, Jesus is traditionally supposed to have been crucified on a high place Golgotha, the place of the skull. According to George Hunt Williamson, the Skull (Golgotha) is the place where intellect is crossed out that the spirit may win eternal ascendancy. Jesus (the intellectual) is crucified at Golgotha that Christ (truth) might become all.

The scourging of Jesus teaches us to remain unmoved under the blows of destiny, to endure all suffering. The Crown of Thorns, the mock crown of royalty and a thing of torture teaches men to defy the world morally and intellectually, to endure contempt and attacks upon all they love most. The carrying of the Cross teaches us to carry our body as an external thing.

Originally the Cross was a symbol of life, early crosses have

leaves and flowers springing from their arms. The stigmata of the hands, feet and head are in the same relative position to each other as the points of a five-pointed star. The five nails may be seen as the five senses, the five sacred wounds the result of the nails' withdrawal.

Easter may be named after a Saxon Goddess Eostre, goddess of the Dawn. Light and fire have long been associated with Easter. In the old Celtic Church it was customary to light fires at nightfall on Easter Eve and it was essential that these fires should be lit by flints and not brands from dying embers. Easter itself must always fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon of the Spring Equinox. Sunday because of the Sun, the home of the archangel Christ.

According to Robert Graves Jesus is the Holly King, though it is the Oak King who is crucified on the T shaped cross. The Holly rules the eighth month. Eight is the number of increase, well suited to the month of the barley harvest (July 8th-August 4th). In Babylon, Egypt and Arabia, eight is sacred to the Sun. The Tor Tau cross was sacred to the Druids, they even went to the extent of training the sacred oak to this form. With the general consent of the whole order, the most beautiful oak was transformed, all its side branches being cut off. Two of these cut branches were then joined to the highest part of the trunk, extending on either side like the arms of a man, and making the shape of a cross. On the bark above and below these insertions was carved Thau (God). On the right branch they cut Jesus and on the left Belenus, in the middle of the trunk was carved Tharamos.

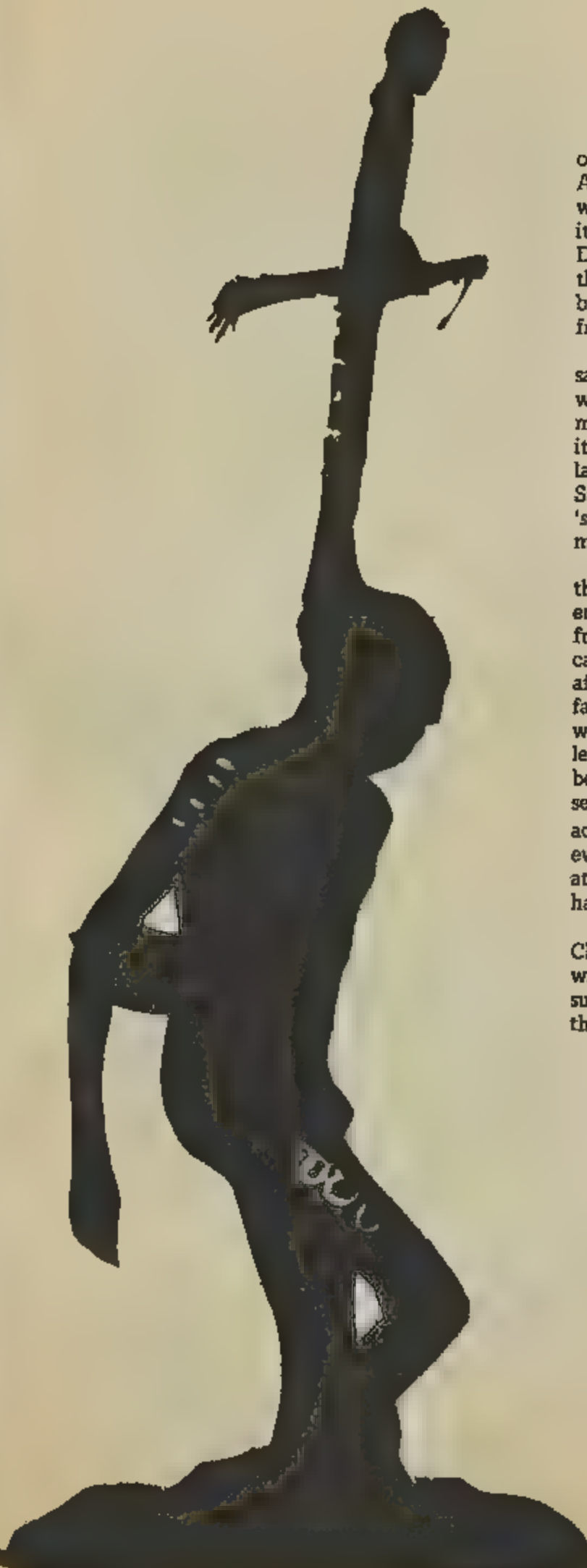
In Ireland the letters were cut on the bark of trees prepared for that purpose and called 'poets tables'. Letters of the oldest Irish alphabet were named after individual trees. There are references in Welsh poetry to a secret of the twigs.

The dismemberment of the God and subsequent internment or consumption of the fragments was an important part of the summer mysteries connected with Gods like Osiris, Athis and Adonis. At one time the particles of the Christian Host were arranged upon the paten in a manner representing the human form. This practice was denounced by the Council of Tours in 567, from then on the pieces were arranged in the form of a cross.

Dionysus was sometimes referred to as the pruned vine Christ as the "great grape-cluster that was crushed for us." Pruning may suggest castration, certainly a part of many ritual sacrifices.

The Maypole is a pretty survival of the hanging of men or animals from trees. The English Maypole is a tall slim tree, its branches lopped but with traditionally a bunch of green left at the top. At one time it was painted with spirals or two or three graduated wreaths pendant from the top with scarves, flags or flying streamers, painting ribbons were unknown (the tree was 60-75 feet tall). Planting the pole belongs to Southern Europe. The May Cross on the Roodscreen of Charlton on Otmoor Church was made of foliage and renewed each May Day when the new cross was carried to the church by girls in white. Formerly it was carried through the parish accompanied with songs and dances. Then its form was recognisably human with a face and hands made of flowers and smaller bunches of flowers down the vertical shaft, called by the older villagers "my lady's buttons".

continued over



Sometimes the May Queen had a King, the Lord and Lady of the May, this links with Robin Hood and Maid Marion. Also there is a Jack-in-the-Green, a man completely covered with greenery, dancing under his heavy frame. He is Spring itself Jack-in-the-Green is the sacrificial victim of the May Day ceremonies, sometimes you can find a head of a Jack-in-the-Green carved in a church, often there will be the leafy branches of the Oak, Hawthorn or Maple carved as growing from his mouth.

There has been much discussion about what Christ actually said on the Cross. Robert B Stacey-Judd has interpreted the words as "My wounds will be kept open by those who defame me." This translation is based on the Mayan language which itself is based on the Mother or Solar tongue, the Universal language of the Angels. The only alternation to Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthai is the loss of the first 'h' in the last word and the 's' changed to 'z'. Christ may have spoken the language of the mystery schools.

As with all sacrifices, Christ's blood had to be shed. Through the piercing of his side certain elements were liberated to enter the earth. Everybody's blood carries an individual's frequency, transfusions that may not always be desirable in that case. I remember I became convinced I was a different person after I had recovered from a blood transfusion. Christ's blood falling on the earth made a fusion between him and the planet which ensured his return. Mary Mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Peter, John, Philip, Mark and Manilus the Centurion are believed to have been marked with the blood of Christ, consequently receiving cosmic awakening. For centuries it was accepted that the actual blood of Christ granted complete and everlasting salvation to those accepting him. Parts of the Cross at Jerusalem were said to give fragments without diminishing having obtained this power from Christ's blood.

Whether we accept a wholly mythical or wholly historical Christ, or a combination of the two, I think we must agree with Rudolf Steiner's definition of the Crucifixion as "the supreme mystery of Christianity; an initiation transferred to the plane of Universal History."

*"You have heard that I suffered, but I suffered not
An unsuffering one was I, yet I suffered
One pierced was I, yet I was not abused
One hanged I was, and yet not hanged
Blood flowed from me, yet did not flow."*

(Christ to St John).

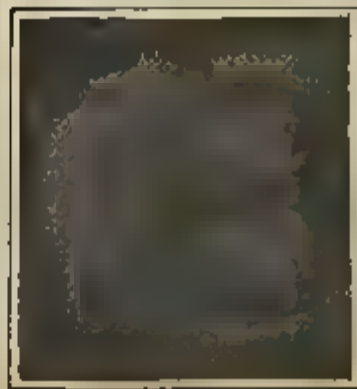
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ROCK



RIFI—SOUNDS OF MOROCCO

"This record doesn't attempt to reproduce anything other than a microcosm of music from the north of Morocco. The Gnaoma and the raitah players and drummers are musicians who get paid, in cash or kind. The rest of the tracks were recorded near Tangiers. They have few possessions, they cannot read or write, they live on what they raise and grow—when you hear their music, it's hardly necessary to add that they play music for pleasure. I hope that the music contained here will help you get a glimpse of these people but—remember—the music is theirs."

These are the words of Iain Adam. Iain walked into the offices one afternoon a few weeks back laden with a tape recorder and an incredible tale to tell. Unfortunately we were all too hussled (it being press day) to listen to his story or his tapes. But he understood, was very nice about it, and promised to pay us a return visit. I, for one, am very glad he kept that promise. The next time Iain walked in, he laid this album on me and though most impressed with the cover and its design, must confess to not being too interested in the music at the time, never having been to Morocco. I put my album in my bag along with the rest, took it home and shoved it on the shelf, not caring particularly if it was doomed to the dustbins. And there it stayed for a while, almost forgotten, until one night, whilst inspecting my collection my conscience got the better of me and with a mild curiosity I placed "Rifi" on the turntable. Now it goes on quite regularly and I would like to visit Morocco.

Iain has spent quite a lot of time there and it shows, he gives off good vibes. During his most recent visit, he taped this beautiful music which also gives off nice vibes of the comforting kind. Upon arrival back in England, Iain promptly decided more people should hear his tapes and set about seeing to just that. It was during one of his many excursions around the city, wheelin' and dealin', that he visited IT. He must have had better luck elsewhere because next time he saw us he was able to give me the album, recorded and produced and distributed by himself. It's a very nice job of work too, beautifully packaged with lots of photos and information and a strong polystyrene back cover. The recording

itself is in stereo, in case you were wondering, and a handsome job was made of it. Oh yes, and the pressing is better than most albums put out by the big companies, infinite care

has been taken. Unfortunately it's only in a limited edition (anything else would not be within Ian's means) so it's a real collectors item. Copies are selling fast so hurry if you want to hear it.

PS. If you have any difficulty finding a shop that sells it (and this would seem to apply to the provinces) face facts, this album will not disappoint you, I promise and write to Ian, c/o 15 Sinclair Road, London W.14 (or phone 01 603 0594) where he has kept back a few copies for anyone who cannot obtain it elsewhere

BO.

JACKSON BROWNE (Asylum)

At first this looked to be yet another "sensitive" singer/songwriter with suitably hip choice of back-up musicians muzak album, but after a few plays it unfolded into a particularly rich stream of lyricism. Browne has an unusual amount of confidence and artistry for a first album. He's very much in control, moulding his own music from the very capable work of such people as Albert Lee, Sneaky Pete and Jim Gordon. I've heard comparisons with "Astral Weeks" and I'm sure it'll gain an equally strong word of mouth reputation. Haven't enjoyed a new album as much for a long time, and, yeah, it's still growing.

KEVIN.

GNIDROLOG—IN SPITE OF HARRY'S TOENAIL (RCA)

Rock and roll ain't all Bolan boogie these days, there's still a few people left trying to play some music. Gnidrolog are into alternating swirling baroque-elegant flute and recorders with crunching electric guitars and drums. For a bunch of heavy punks they're certainly fast on their feet, and Stewart Goldring ain't no jive guitarist.

Despite a cover of outrageously boring proportions (illegible lettering printed on what looks like a shit-stained ice-cream wafer), Harry and his toenail are worth having around the house, if only for the soulful precision of the guitars on the title cut, the delightful shuttiness of the harmonica playing and the excellence of the rhythm section. Maybe they ain't Stone the Crows, but they know how it's done. If only it wasn't for the cover.....

CAPTAIN SKRULL.

FESTIVAL ROUND UP

GREAT WESTERN EXPRESS, Lincoln, Spring Bank Holiday weekend, May 26th-29th, features Joe Cocker, The Faces, the Beach Boys, Sha Na Na, Groundhogs, Don McLean, Rory Gallagher, Lindisfarne, Strawbs, Humble Pie, Slade, John Baldry & Ashman Reynolds, Propellor, Buddy Miles, Natural Accoustic Band, Locomotive GT, Stone the Crows, Genesis, Nazareth, Focus, Billy Joel.

BICKERSHAW FESTIVAL, 5, 6 & 7 May, features Grateful Dead, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Pacific Gas & Electric, Country Joe, Donovan, Moving Being, Ken Campbell Roadshow, Low Moan Spectacular, Welfare State, Joe's Lights, Quicksilver and many more

FLY RECORDS

After the series of Maxi singles of the hits of the Move, Joe Cocker, T.Rex and Procol Harum, the process is repeated with the Regal Zonophone albums by the same artists, done up in cheap double packs. I suppose it's useful to have these albums, it will make Bolan and Cocker a lot richer and Steve Took and Trev Burton solvent if nothing else!

WISE OLD SAM.



ITMAIL

BARGAINS GALORE

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FILMS



THE NIGHT OF COUNTING THE YEARS

(dir. Shadi Abdelsalam)

Paris Pullman

It should be one of the sacred rules of the cinema that a film with a message should try and be as fast moving and refreshing as possible. Shadi Abdelsalam should have learnt from that rule. Confronted with a serious problem, the conflict of two cultures, the survival of one at the expense of the other: it is all heavy material. Unfortunately the Night of the Counting the Years is also a very heavy, even a sedative film.

In style perhaps its closest equivalent are the Greek films of Cacoyannis (silent choruses of black robed women). Its unities of time, place and action are faultless, however, all the way through the film your eyes can't help wandering off to the corners of the screen in a desperate bravado attempt to discover something other than the long suffering looks and gestures of the protagonists. Even this pastime gets boring and you bear with it, occasionally smiling as a particular shot warms your aesthete's heart. And at the end of it all you shrug and attribute your alienation to the fact that it is an Arab film, and we're not used to them yet?

The Night of Counting the Years was a movie script of enormous potential. In the movie this promise has to fight for a place amidst heavy handed techniques and a surfeit of inappropriate style.

Gordian.

THIRD WORLD FILM FESTIVAL

It is difficult for anyone in this country, whatever their condition, to fully realise the standards of oppression existing in the Latin American countries of the 3rd World. These movies, part of the largest selection of 3rd World radical films to come to Europe, may help. They are being shown in London from 10-16 April at the NFT and from 12-26 April at Collegiate Theatre, University College.

THE HOUR OF THE FURNACES

(dirs. O Getino, F E Solanas)

A mammoth, 4 hr 20 min, film essay tracing the liberation struggle of the Argentinian people from the original colonisation and exploitation by Spanish and English settlers three centuries ago to the last twenty years when things have hotted up somewhat as the masses realised the full extent of the political process and the fight for popular power. The directors travelled over 15,000 miles and recorded 180 hours of interviews to compile this account, which they have divided into three parts: 1 "Neo-colonialism & Violence", 2 "Act of Liberation" and 3 "Violence and Liberation."

Some shocking facts emerge during the collage of interviews (with liberationists, miners, children, industrialists, TU officials and just people) illustrated by shots of street violence, begging children, poverty stricken peasants, rich sun-bathing Argentinian beauties (Mick Jagger's wife is one of them!), advertisements for expensive consumer goods and all the other obvious class differences sharply dividing the ruling minority of rich land-owning industrialists from the starving peasant majority. It is unfortunate however that the extreme length of the film, coupled with the subtitles, makes this message rather hard to stomach.

BLOOD OF THE CONDOR

(dir Jorge Sanjinés)

The problem of population control in underdeveloped countries is a constant one, and in 1970 the Bolivian government asked the US volunteer Peace Corps to leave the country when it was discovered they had been sterilising Indian women without their consent. The headman of a small mountain community comes to the same conclusion himself, using divination of the narcotic coca leaves chewed by the Indians, and together with other villagers decides to castrate the local "Progress" Corps representatives in revenge. He is shot by the police and goes to La Paz to seek medical attention which he has no hope of paying for.

Thus film is a dramatic, powerful

and controversial examination of the plight of the Indians who constitute 65% of the Bolivian population and manages to impart this information in a much readier way than 'The Hour of the Furnaces'. The simple life of the Indians is contrasted sharply, using a series of flashbacks, with the officious, bustling, capitalistic city as the headman's brother combs the streets trying to sell his only worthwhile possession, his bed, to obtain money for a blood transfusion.

Both these films are essential viewing for anyone at all interested in the 3rd World struggle; they have been outlawed in the countries of origin but the 'Grupe Cine Liberacion' has managed to show them secretly to the very people they are concerned about—the people who need this information to form their own liberation concepts high in the mountains and villages of Latin America. If you would like to show these films in your area please contact the Other Cinema, 01 734 8508/9

Caroline

HOW THE PICTURES SPOILT THE EXHIBITIONS

Emerson, Lake and Palmer's 90 minute film "Pictures of an Exhibition" is a disaster. The sad thing is that it could have been so good. Then music is controlled, full of alternately flowing, rhythmic and pulsating imagery. The visuals on the other hand are uniformly boring.

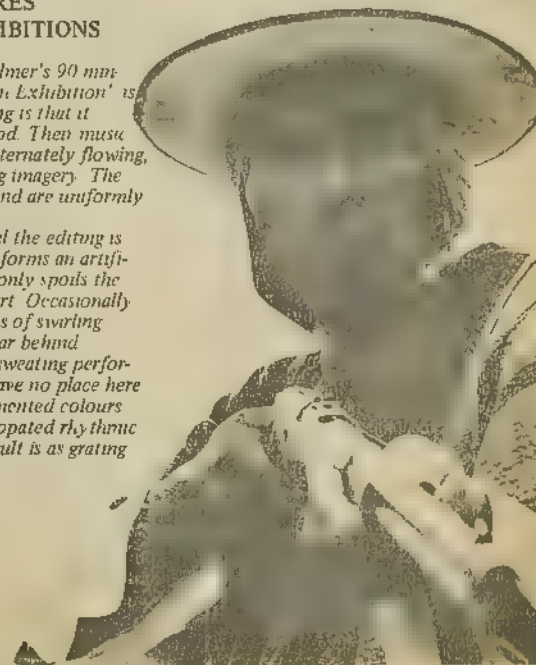
On a very basic level the editing is stodgy, alienating and forms an artificial barrier which not only spoils the music, it tears you apart. Occasionally coloured special effects of swirling strobing patterns appear behind bleached out faces of sweating performers, yet again they have no place here. Circular swishing fragmented colours carry on through syncopated rhythmic musical forms. The result is as grating as a sustained discord.

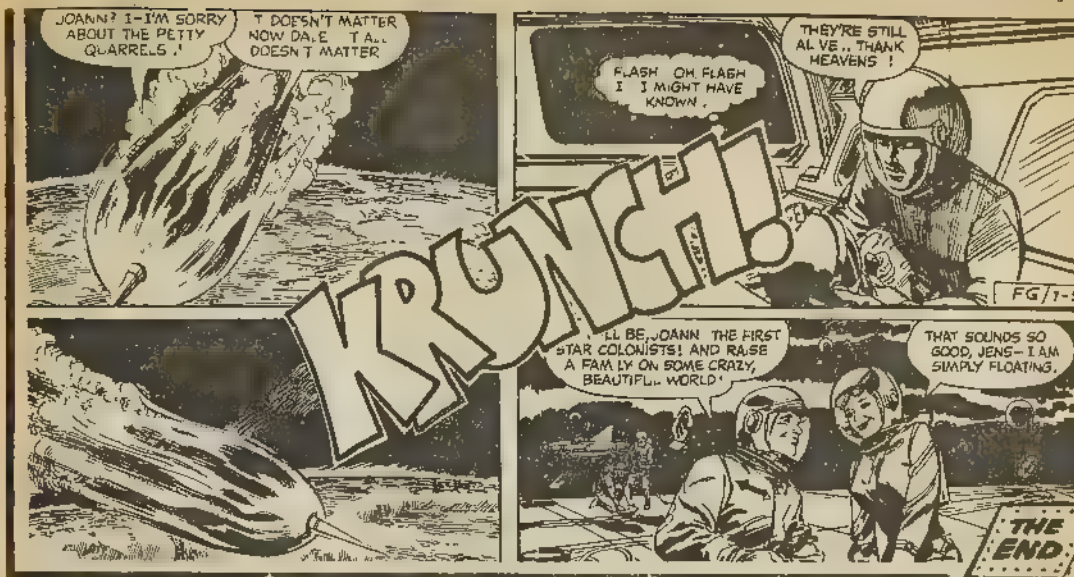
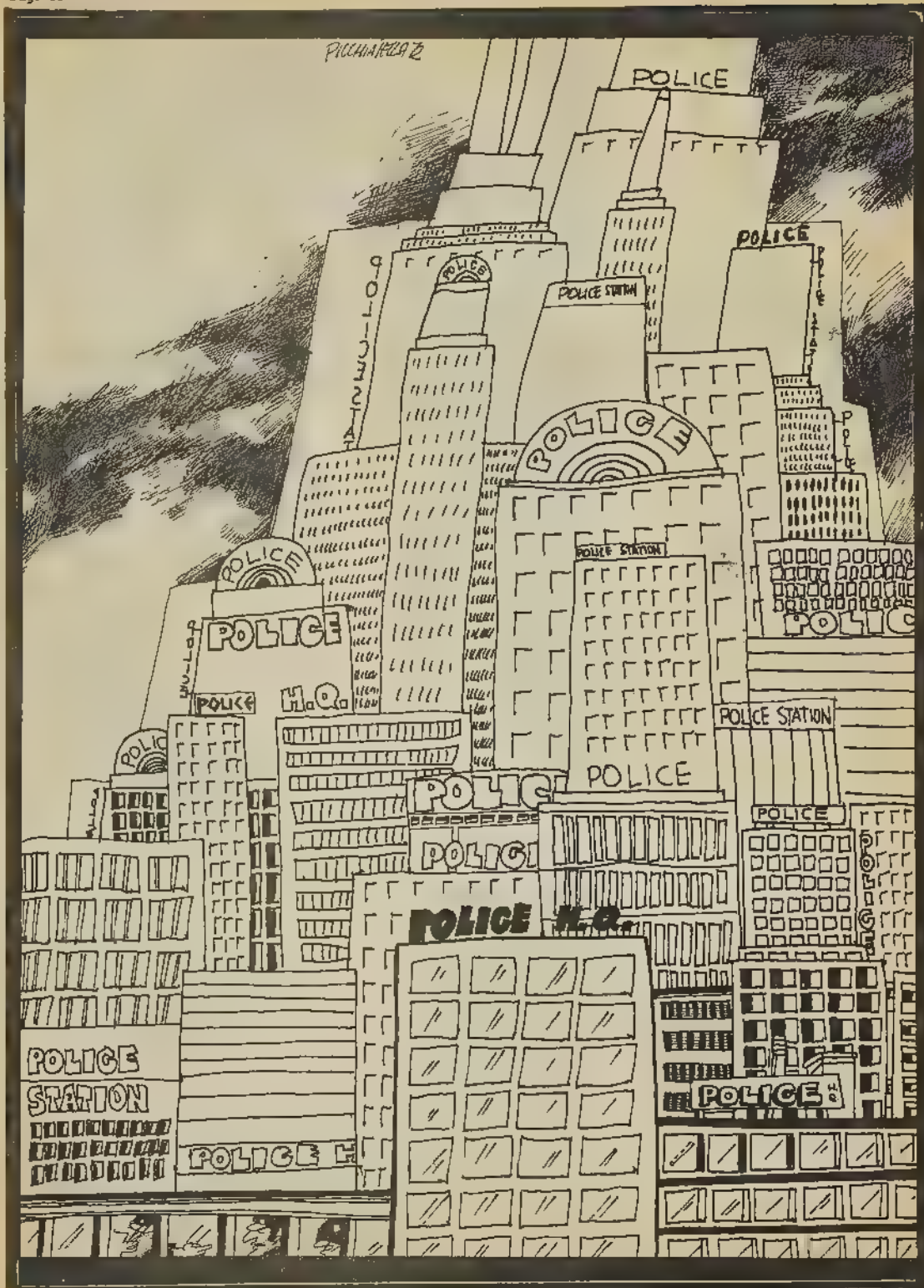
There is neither rhythm, pace, or style in the visuals. They don't even find their place beside the music, let alone integrate with it to achieve an aesthetic or "artistic" whole.

The director whose name I can't remember, uses the video techniques like a sledgehammer. His understanding or feeling for the music is non-existent. What surprised me most was that ELP allowed the film to be released.

As a complete contrast, the Strawbs 'Grave New World', directed by Steve Turner, came very close to achieving an agreeable synthesis between the visuals and the sound. Sometimes the relationship got a bit strained but the use of newsreel footage and strong lyrics at moments added up to an enjoyable example of how music can be put to film.

Gordian.





The biggest and also regrettably the saddest news we have for you this issue concerns Marvel comics. Here it is. Thorpe & Porter, their biggest British distributors have made the ludicrous and insane decision of dropping all Marvel's 32 page titles (and these comprise the bulk of their output) in favour of solely concentrating on National DC's 25 cent 48 pagers. Evidently, T & P think the DC line a better buy selling at 7/5p per copy in these Isles. Marvel's 20 cent titles sell at 6p. They seem to have missed the point in fact they think they're doing us a favour. Perhaps they should start reading the comics they distribute then they would realise it's got nothing to do with economics, any avid fan of the Hulk will pay up to 20p if need be just to get his hands on the recorded documents of Green Skunk's latest trials. What's more, all the 32-pagers they've shipped into this country and which were to be eventually distributed are to be pulped! If you feel strongly enough about this new policy (and, of course, you must) raise a petition acquiring all the signatures of angry protesting Marvel freaks in your area and mail it off to Mr McDonald (he's the Sales Manager) c/o Thorpe & Porter Sales Ltd, Melton Road, Thurmarston, Leics or you can go one better and address it to Mr Juba at the same address, he's the Managing Director. Make your feelings felt.

However, all is not in vain. Independent Magazines (on behalf of World Distributors Ltd) will continue to distribute their line of selected Marvel 32-pagers. These are the ones that are dated for the month and have the English price printed on,

otherwise the same. From my own experience however, shops that stock these instead of T & P distributed material are few and far between. Perhaps Independent will step up distribution now Thorpe & Porter are more or less dropping Marvel. Anyway, it's a glimmer of hope.

Here are a few one-liners. The June Spiderman (if you can get it) features the return of Doctor Strange... The hundredth issue of "Avengers" drawn by Barry Smith, features everyone who has ever been an Avenger... "Flash" is the National magazine elected to carry the occasional Neal Adams depicted "Green Lantern" strip. Neal's dropping out Green Arrow from the stories for a while...

Finally, you may be wondering where all that info about Specialist comic shops is, that we promised last issue. Well, fact is, we haven't got it all yet, it's still filtering through. We do know of a stall situated at 26 King St. Market, Cambridge—they carry a reliable selection of all kinds of comics regularly. 23a Chestow Mansions, Notting Hill Gate, W2 is another good source and of course there's Dark They Were and Golden Eyed at 10 Berwick St, W1. If you know of any good sources could you write and let us know then we can pass it on. More on specialist shops (or rather lack of them) next issue.

"TARGET", New English Library's first venture into comics publishing looks to be interesting. At the time of writing there isn't a copy with a reach but the first issue is due

out April 19th and by the time you find yourself reading this, should be available at your local newsagent. Could be worth the trip, for although its specifically aimed at the kiddies, one wonders what NEL's motivations are as one finds out more. "Target" will contain several strips (amongst them 'Bovver Boy') and also will sport a big super-duper double-page colour centre-spread pin-up series, the first of which features none other than—wait for it—Buttons, leader of the British Hells Angels' pack! (Future suggestions? How about Mick Farren, Richard Neville, J.M. Anderson, Ges Cox as today's heroes!). Also, free with the first issue they are giving away sea horses—you may have seen them advertised in some copies of Marvel comics, apparently they're for real, the only living creature that can live in a natural state of suspended animation—this must be so, or finally shipped in for another project that's since been abandoned they've been lying around the warehouse for months. You just pop them in water and they come to life. On y thing is, I'm reliably told, they look more like shrimps. Still, its all jolly good fun.

The super slick sex monthly 'Men Only' will begin running a new comic strip soon, "Little Miss Crysta in SEX & THE UNDERGROUND PRESS" conceived by Captain Snaps and written by Jamie 'Ace' Mandelkaur, it should net loads of bread for the Ace. So far go inform on regarding the artist but I'm told the strip will be along the lines of Kurtzman's "Little Annie Fannie" Playboy strip, but more filthy!

Iggy Stooze, resident in London now and who wishes henceforth to be known as Iggy Popp, has been signed by CBS meanwhile another American who seems to prefer the relative quiet of London to his more rougher days back in the States, one Arthur Lee, formerly with Love, has just finished his first album since leaving said group. Recorded in London, it features his new group **Band-Aid** and will show eventually around June **Cheech and Chong**, American dope-rock comedy team are arriving soon ... **Quicksilver** are not—their bass guitarist Dave Friberg has just been busted for dope for the umpteenth time ... **Hank B Marvin** has just been voted 'Top Instrumentalist' in the *Record Mirror* 'Ridiculous, eh? Everyone knows Boan is an infinitely better guitarist, light years ahead. Put it this way, he's so far out he's left us all behind

And now some news from our New York correspondent, conveniently in Berwick Street, starting now. After the American National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse recommendations (repeal of all jail terms for smoking dope in the States) a group of lawyers based in New York have contacted various big name acts in an attempt to stage a mammoth benefit with which to finance legislation to reform the city's drug laws **Groupie** about town **Devon** died a few weeks back—she was the chick **Hendrix** wrote "Dolly Dagger" after ... Recently the **Grateful Dead** staged a benefit along with **Bo Diddley** for the city's chapter of **Hells Angels**. The bread was intended for legal aid for several Angels busted in the Bronx on charges of 'keeping guns, firearms, dangerous weapons and all kinds of dope. However, most of it got blown at the party given by the bikers after the concert ... Finally, this has nothing to do with rock but you might like to know about the latest toy fad sweeping the States and ...ing at all the stores. Ready, kiddies, sitting comfortably, it's a model Vietnam war village complete with tiny little corpses ... This has nothing to do with rock either excepting rocking the boat—the spiralling cost of the new glossy **OZ** is such that one single issue's print bill would finance a festival similar to the one held at **Glastonbury** last year, an das a fact!

Have you heard about the latest move to stop festivals. Seventy three year old author, **James Wentworth Day** (with a name like that he should go far) has formed a "commando unit" to stop festivals even when they've begun. He and several followers intend to "stamp out these unpertinent vendors of scruffiness and pop" and plan to do



Steve Took, currently out on the road solo, in the almost unique position of currently being in the single charts at No 16, with 'golden oldie' 'Deborah', while as yet having no recording contract for his current material, and a dubious idea of just how much money he will actually receive from the chart entry (Photo Penny Smith)

Here's this week's hot underground gossip...!

FROM WISE OLD SAM AND HIS ABSURD PETS!



so with the help of retired army officers, commandos, private pilots, and burly rugby players. No kiddin', it's like a military operation. Tactics include planes swooping down to festival sites and dropping flour and soot bombs, shotguns filled with peppercorn and rock salt, bulls running around loose and several kinds of stink bombs. Like we said, the shuf's comin' down!

A group temporarily without a recording contract **Third Ear Band**. It seems that EMI's "progressive Underground label" (or its overlords, doesn't see fit to employ "pot smokers" amongst its roster of artistes. Dear me, we don't want people like Syd Barrett to be influenced in any way, do we? ... **Jerry Lee Lewis** is making a quick two-week tour of Britain later this month and respectful of the fan's wishes, will concentrate solely on cooking up some good ol' rock'n'roll ... **Commander Cody** and his **Lost Planet** album have just released a second album in the States called "Hot Licks, Cold Steel, Truckers' Favourites." Since we, over here, have only just got the first, there's some hope of it coming out by Christmas ... New **Beach Boys** album out here God knows when will be "Care and the Passions So Tough!" and it's a return to their roots, even beyond the surfing days ... **RCA** are being slow in bringing out the much awaited **Lou Reed** album. Meanwhile **Atlantic**, so the story goes, will release the **Velvet Underground** "Live at Max's" album soon, yes, well, I don't know about you, but I've heard that one before.

WOMEN'S LIB. Continued from page 17

conference was the way everyone seemed to be thinking things out far more on a universal level. Women were talking about the way work is an alienating force, that we should be thinking of campaigning for the right not to work, and that there ought to be a guaranteed income for all, men and women. It was refreshing to see that the discussions were not couched in rigid political dogma. This is illustrated in the Libertarian Alternative newspaper which looks at the way women should avoid getting caught up with rigid political groups, and the only way we shall win our struggle is once we've cleaned our own heads out.

"It's about time women and other oppressed groups started telling the male politicians (who tell us that women's liberation is only of secondary importance) that their struggle (or propaganda more like) is only part of the greater revolutionary movement—a movement against all oppression and economic exploitation. The traditional form of 'class analysis' and the language which goes with it conceives the struggle almost entirely in terms of economic categories and relations, and is far too one-sided to express the universalisation of the struggle ... As libertarians we see ourselves as part of a social movement combining a creative revolutionary life style with a creative revolutionary theory. As much as is humanly possible, we try to reflect the liberated society we seek to achieve. We aim to build networks of affinity groups—intimate groups of people whose ability to act in common is based on initiative, on convictions freely arrived at, and on a deep personal involvement, not around a bureaucratic apparatus fleshed out by a docile membership and manipulated from above by a handful of all-knowing leaders. We attempt to remake ourselves, to root our authoritarian traits in our own personalities."

I think that at last, at this conference it was clear that a large number of women involved in women's liberation are working hard and seriously at cleaning their heads out as well as trying to turn people on to liberating themselves from all the ridiculous inhibitions and attitudes that have held us all back for so long. So there's still hope.

FRANCES

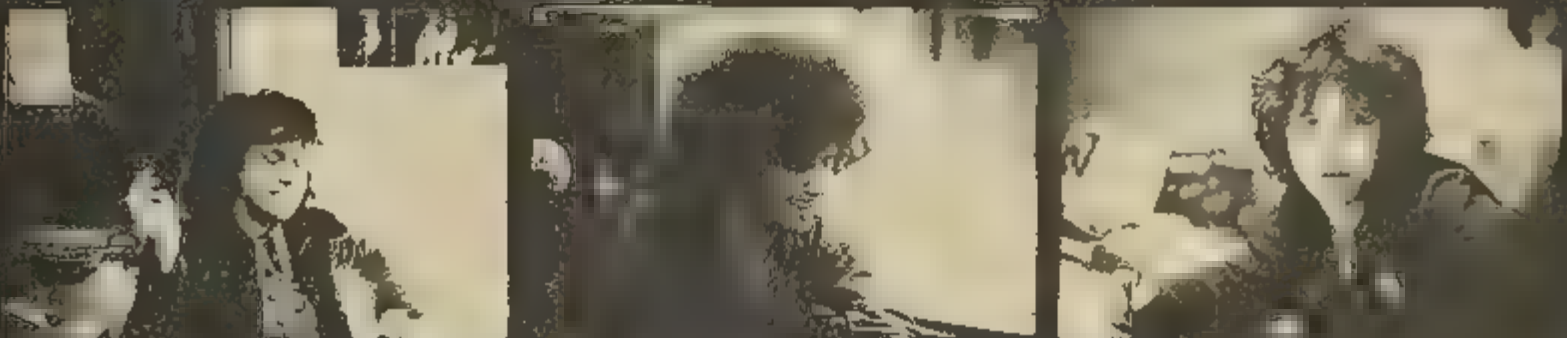


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beside me. In one of the slits in its armour I saw a brown disc an inch or so across. BANG! The buggers shot a gas cannister at me. It missed by inches. Two blokes came out, batons raised and eyes glaring. One was black, the other white. I yelled "I'm press!" "Get inside", said the white bloke. There were gas cannisters and rubber bullet cartridges strewn about the floor. The saracen was just an armoured shell with a driver and commander at the front, and four or five soldiers with rubber bullet guns in the back, one of whom was a sergeant. "We've got a photographer," one of them shouted to another group of soldiers as we passed them. I was dumped at the bottom of William Street and taken under armed guard to the police station. My captors and the chief pig muttered about what they could charge me with. They stuck me in a cell with an open drain for pissing into and a sloping wooden board to lie on. I sang songs and whistled to myself, planning out how this passage would look in my memoirs. A snotty army officer came in and asked me about the nailbombers. Who were they and where did they throw the bombs from? I didn't know any names so I couldn't give any, and told him that I assumed the bombs were thrown from under cover in the William Street area, which is information a blind man could have given. Later two R.U.C. men asked what I was doing waving my hands around. They accused me of directing the riot. I told them I was asking directions. In fact I was asking some kids to get out of the way because they were spoiling the camera shots. On another occasion I asked a kid who was trampling on a union jack to trample it in front of a saracen as it made a good shot. Later on a special branch man took me into a different room. "I put it to you that you know the I.R.A. and are gathering propaganda for them." I said that I was not a top news hound so I didn't know about that sort of thing. He asked me whose side I was on and did I believe in a united Ireland and a lot of

trivial political questions like that. Then they let me go. But not before they fogged the film in my camera, which had on it some really great shots of the kid trampling the union jack. I suspect that was all they were after anyway.

Rotting has changed since I was last in Derry in August. Troops are fewer and tend to stay in their armoured vehicles. They are now backed up by Ferret armoured cars, with 505 Browning machine guns mounted in a turret on top. In August the troops swarmed about like flies - easy targets, flies. Petrol bombs are no longer thrown because they don't hurt anyone and you can get shot for using these ineffective weapons. Today the kids are throwing nailbombs made from a stick of gelignite wrapped in corrugated cardboard into which nails have been slipped. A detonator and a fuse are attached and the bundle is stuck into a coke tin. Light the fuse, throw in the general direction of the troops, and BANG. Very noisy.

We spent three weeks in R.A. land, north and south. We went home when our money ran out, bouncing a cheque at the airport. We're returning again in August.

Many thanks to the people who helped us:-

Frank from Leeson Street, Mr. Masterson from Lower Clonard Street, Margaret, Gerry, and the girls from Ladybrook, Mr. and Mrs. Devine from Newrey, Tony Heffernan in Dublin, Eammon the photographer in the Creggan, Martina and Ruairi in the Creggan, and the Provos and Officials of Derry

GEORGE SNOW

ROSEMARY BIGNELL

SHITTY NAPPIES SUPPLIED BY IVAN NIKOLAI

UP CHINA WITH NIXON

continued from page 13

Nixon around as she visited farm communes and a glass figurine factory. She's absolutely the most empty headed bitch to come down the pike since Maggie and Jiggs. The Chinese are past masters of diplomacy and concealment of emotion, but even they were flipping their eyes skyward after about thirty minutes of old pat.

Whether out of malice or naivete I don't know, but she just kept asking all these questions about who's in charge and who gets the money and what of the workers strike, etc. etc. About the only nice thing that happened all day was when Pat cracked her head on a heating duct and thought her hair had caught on fire. "My coiffure! My coiffure!" she yelled (a word which left the translators completely out to lunch). The hush of suppressed giggling was deafening.

Everywhere we went the Chinese were really flipped out about the way we dress. That is, they hate it. Loud, flashy clothes have always been considered barbaric in China (except for State occasions or theatrical performances and its six of one and half a dozen of the other as far as most of them are concerned). I'm pretty much the exception. It's cold in Peking and I've been wearing an old Pea coat and my denim jacket underneath. The Chinese really dug both. In the first place blue is just about everybody's favourite colour here—symbolizes the peace and harmony they've had little enough of this century. I get really pissed off as I keep seeing these dispatches about the colourless masses dressed in uniform blue. Bullshit. Everybody I know wears blue jeans all the time and nobody ever talks about our "colourless uniform blue trousers." But, also, thick cloth is rare here. The Chinese tend to weave thin fabrics and quilt them. They don't have cotton as thick as denim and they really got off on it. The Pea coat material was strange to them too. they kept calling it by the Chinese word for "rug."

I offered this one girl in the glass factory my jean jacket but she wouldn't take it. She said it would hurt the feelings of her friends who could never get one.

It's late Wednesday night as I send this dispatch out, most everyone is at a gymnastics display. AP is donating CPS this time on their Telex equipment and I've about run my word limit. They've been pretty good about everything though. I can say what I want and use any dirty word except the short Anglo-Saxon one for sexual intercourse. Tomorrow we visit the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs. Friday is the Forbidden City or something and another big banquet. Saturday we fly to Hangchow where I'll file my next dispatch. May you live in interesting times.

P.J. O'ROURKE

STREET SELLERS

IT costs you 7½p per copy, retail price 15p, min order one dozen

NASTY TALES costs you 12½p per copy, retail price 20p, min order one dozen

NASTY TALES No 5 due out May sometime!!!

write or telephone to Ges Cox, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF (Telephone 437 1312)

OCCASIONALLY I GIGGLE

continued from page 15

and then speed. Freedom holds a happy tune

* * * * *

I'm curious now as to how and why it all went wrong. I don't know, but I think it has its roots in the time when man-ape or the angor became man-ape and was fighting for survival. That his role outside the cave forced him into certain stances in order to successfully fight for this survival. That this role for dealing with the hostile outside world permeated the whole of his character and came through to his personal relations. Whether these stances were unnecessary, there can be no answer—it seemed to work at the time.

But, over the years, these attitudes have grown stronger and have become so much a part of our heads, our lives, so much a part of society's scaffolding that we forget, don't recognise that they exist. They're as natural as calling schoolteachers sir, as natural as printed notes are money, little boxes with pictures, leaves turning grey, as giants.

So who needs a fig leaf?

WILLIAM BLOOM

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LARGACTALITES



EDWARD 72

ADS

Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (companies) and 5p per word (individuals). Send you ad with cheque/PO made out to 'Bloom Publications Ltd' to Joy, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

TRAVEL

DOUBLE DECKER to Silifke, S Turkey. £23 single £36 return. For brochure phone 01 672 2239

ECONOMY FLIGHT, India, USA, Canada, Pakistan, Ceylon, East Africa 187 Telford Park Road, London N70PU 01 607 5639

FRENCH GUY, 21, seeks gentle guitar playing chick ready to set out southwards anywhere on the road towards the sun. Peace and love, write to BOX 128/1

LIFT WANTED to Morocco. Is there anyone going to Maroc or Spain mid-April who could give a lift to two people, travelling very light. We can share expenses. Please phone Vick and Kevin at Sway (Hampshire), 2157 reversing the charges, before 10 April

JOBS

Teenage boy models required—beginners we come—some bread. Photo/details BOX 128/2

YOUNG MAN, own pad, car and phone, short of bread, seeks part time work in the Manchester area. Also available August. Ring Paul at Glossop 61562

GAY MALE mode 22 (mag, etc) seeks work with good bread. BOX 128/3

ADAPTABLE intelligent young man seeks work. Call 370 3292 Paul

PERSONAL

SEX PARTNERS magazine for nice people. Meet sexy girls, groovy guys and kinky couples. nationwide circulation. Send 3x3p stamps to A.M.E., 160 Oval Road, East Croydon, Surrey

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EXCLUSIVE MALE only introductions. Confidential female only introductions. SAE The Secretary, Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15.

YOUNG GUY 21, attractive and gay seeks similar, photo appreciated. BOX 127/3

CITY OF REVELATION by John Michell, (author of The View over Atlantis) is just published by Garnstone Press, 69 Brompton Road, London SW3 for £2.90. Add 20p for p&p.

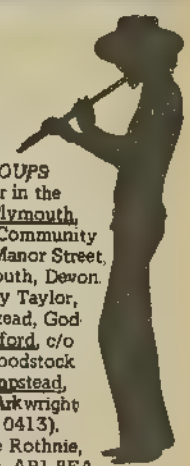
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NEW DWARF GROUPS are getting together in the following places. Plymouth, c/o Brian Colling, Community Workshop, 14-17 Manor Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth, Devon. Godalming, c/o Ray Taylor, 13 Springfield, Elstead, Godalming, Surrey. Oxford, c/o Peter Cooke, 99 Woodstock Road, Oxford. Hampstead, c/o Chris Bell, 40 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. (435 0413). Aberdeen, c/o Dave Rothnie, 58 Hazlehead Gdns, AB1 8EA.



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SEX see box ad for TANTRA, the Yoga of Sex.

CHILDRENS FREE Tutor groups are now running as an alternative to Secondary School. The South London group so far includes children from an area including Earls Court, West Kensington, Putney, Wandsworth, Camberwell, Sydenham. Interested children, parents and tutors from these and other areas please contact Tutorscheme 01 874 6212

YOUNG GAY, 23, going to S. Africa in June requires gay contacts Johannesburg. Pretoria. BOX 128/4

HELP Have just arrived in London. Would like to meet the gay scene, interests, film shows, parties, photography, etc

UNINHIBITED couple required by strictly amateur photographer for cine film. No business angle. Any colour/nationality. BOX 128/6

MALE, educated young gay seeks sugar daddy or other friend, London area. Write in confidence BOX 128/7

BOOTLEGS and other goodies. SAE lists Alan, 56 West Avenue, Finner, Middx

BLACK GUY, 22, touring, camping, French Italian Riviera three weeks July, seeks good looking young guy of about 18 as travelling companion. No expense. Please write and send photo. BOX 128/8

SUMMER on board 40 ft sailing yacht for gay or bisexual sought by young attractive couple to share with gal aywork, sailing and sunbathing, etc. Must be a young lovely girl. Photo. BOX 128/9

YOUNG BELGIAN student seeks good looking boy as holiday companion, next summer. All replies answered. N.R.B.P., 23, Poste Bruxelles, 22, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium.

YOUNG MAN forsaken London for the North, own piece. Would like to meet a long haired young lady who still believes in Romance. BOX 128/10

GAY MALE, 22, seeks new friends. All replies answered. BOX 128/11

MONEY stimulates. Send £2 and you'll discover Outer Fringe of successful business. Darinka, 45 Hereford House, North Row, London W1

YOUNG MAN wishes to contact attractive responsible boy—preferably teenager. London if available. BOX 128/15

YOUNG homosexual Christian, contact Don c/o IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1

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GAYS!! Mouthwatering chickens mag!! Nude £1.50p (not 0.60 as stated last week). Lists SAE, BM/FBGH, W.C.1

PUBERTY see box ad, Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty

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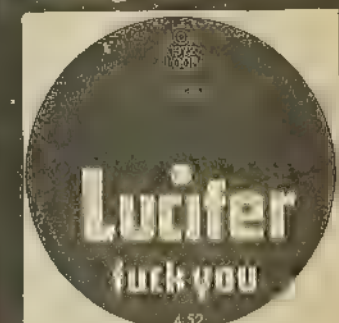
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Sorry, no more than 10 items per order, since retailers are bootlegging at higher prices.

Name _____ Address _____

PADS

YOUNG FREAKY couple with 7 month old son, under eviction from farm tied cottage, urgently require unfurnished pad to rent, in country (anywhere) south of London. We're on N.A. so not much bread! Husband dedicated artist and ex-junkie who had to take farm job for accommodation, but was sacked through not being able to do work being too unhealthy, but could do light gardening work in return for pad. Will you help us please because the establishment won't. Genuine replies only please to: Dave & Sue Johnston, 55 London Road, Slindon, near Arundel, Sussex

CHINESE GIRL and young family have double room in large house for two Chinese friends or students to share, welcomed to mix with family. £7.50 each per week. Contact Miss Au-Yung, 171 Shakespeare Road, Herne Hill, London SE24

WEEKEND HOLIDAYS offered to attractive boy under 5'8" in gay-scene area town flat. Must be sincere and no hangups. Over 18. Photo if possible. Write fully for reply. BOX 128/12

MARRIED couple need flat in South London. Unfurnished preferably, but will try anything. Must allow children in pads. Rent to £10. Can you help? Ring 674 3711 Carol & Glyn.

TWO YOUNG men, house in Manchester offer free weekend accommodation to any trustworthy boy over 18, also wish penfriends with similar. BOX 128/13

GAY MALE, 21, has flat to share would like to meet young men 21-24. BOX 128/14

YOUNG CHICK (18) wants to find friend to share flat with. Please apply to Miss M. Clarke, 63 Lennox Road, London N.4.

GARDEN FLAT (Swiss Cottage) 1 person to share £6 weekly or if in during day to answer phone £4.50p. Rick 624 4323

CAN YOU help me to find a place to live. Commune if possible, any area, I am young. Phone Jon, 699 5670

TWO GUYS want room/rooms in Notting Hill—Earls Court area. Can pay £8 max p.w. Write John Lawrence, 26 Park Ave, N.W.2.

INTELLIGENT, non-freaky boy invited to fill gay space in modern central flat. Over 18. Liberated. Sincerely compromis. 373 4604

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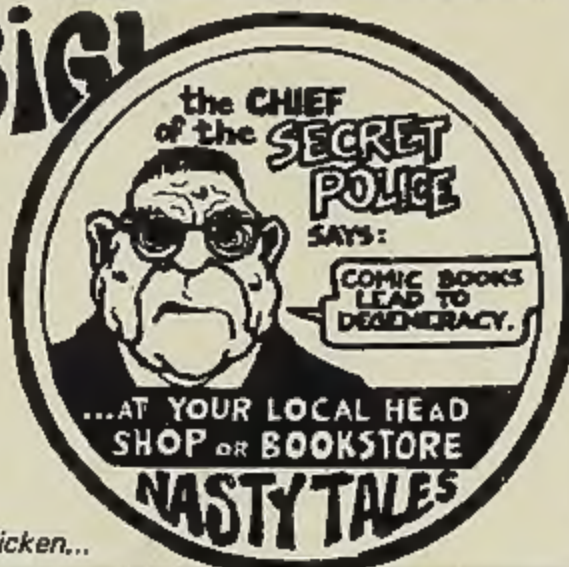
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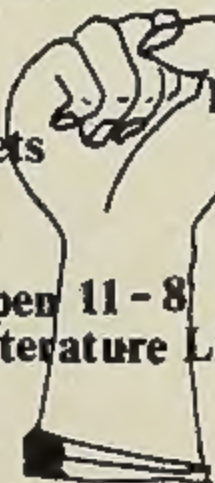
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